THE FIRSTE parte of Churchyardes *Chippes, contayning* twelue ſeuerall Labours.

Deuiſed and publiſhed, only by Thomas Churchyard Gentilman.

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Cum Priuilegio.

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TO THE RIGHTE worſhipfull his tried and worthy friend, *Maiſter Chriſtofor* Hatton Eſquier, Captaine of the Queenes Maieſties Garde, and Gentleman of her highneſſe priuie Chamber.

THe long liking and good wyll with the faſt frendſhip I finde in you (good maiſter Hatton) procures my penne preſently to performe that I promiſed, no ſmal time ſince, touching a booke of al my Engliſh verſes in miter. The offer wherof came from my ſelfe, not for the goodnes of the matter, but for the parfitneſſe of ỹ perſone to whom I mẽt to dedicate my woorke. And albeit your valeur may not bee ſeen in ſo ſimple a glas, yet I hope this my woorkes ſhall not hinder your deſerued renowm, nor breed occaſion to miſlike my vnbridled boldnes. And for that from my head, hand and penne, can floe no farre fatched eloquence, nor ſweete ſprinklyng ſpeaches (ſeaſoned with ſpiced termes) I call my workes Churchyardes Chips, *the baſnes wherof can beguild no man with better opinion, than the ſub-*

ſtance it ſelfe doth import, and in deed if any other tietle had bene geuen to my trifles, than the proper name of chips, men might haue hoped for grauer matter then the natuer of my verſes can produce. Wherefor I prepared a title aunſwerable to the weight of the worke, miſdoubting not but that you will of corteſie behold what blaes of good wyll theſe my Chips will vtter to the worlde. Aſſuring my ſelfe and my friendes, that herein is no kinde of ſparke, neither hurtfull nor vncomly. But as the world may iudge, among many chips may be ſundrie woodes, ſo the worſt of them all makes but a crack, conſumes with the coales, and turneth vnto ſinders. What fier can be made where neither ſmoek can be ſeen, nor hiſſing of ſtickes maye bee hard? And yet thoſe two properties agree in ỹ end to one flame, effect and purpoſe. I write of ſeuerall thinges, whoſe ſondry foundations might leade me to diuers ſubiectes, but each of them in deede ſerueth to one mans cogitacion and duetifull dealing towardes God and my cõutrey. And none of them hath any humour or diſeaſe, but ſutch as eury body may broke, diſgeſte, and embrace, (bearing any graine of fauour to the wrytter) whiche I hope makes the reddier paſſage to that which I cauſed

to be

to be Printed. My firſt booke hath but few things in it, but ſuch varietie of matter as ſhall breed to the Reader rather pleaſure than painfulnes. And the ſecond ſhall contain a nomber of things I truſt of no leſſe paſtime and commodity, waying mirrely the meaning of my Imaginaciõs. Thus making my choice of a ſufficiente patroen, for a farre better woorke than my cunning can performe, (and creping vnder the target of your protection) I weery you no further in reading of this my plain Epiſtle, committing to the Almighty, your worſhip, good naem, and moſt deſired felicitie, with mcreace of wiſhed fortune.

Yours in all at commaundement

Thomas Churchyard Gentleman.

To the diſpiſers of other mens wozkes that ſhoes nothing of their owne.

IF vvell you iudge of my good vvill,
you yelde me my deſarts:
If that vvith frovvns and ſcorneful locks,
you ſhoe your hollovve harts.

(And by diſdaine diſgrace his Verſe,
that doth the beſt he can:)
You do not vvell to hinder ſoe,
the works of any man.

For loke vvhat meaſure you doe meet,
the ſame yee ſhall receaue:
VVhen from the loem of your deuice,
like vvebb of cloeth you vveaue.

But if you leade an idle life,
and father near a childe:
You are as bad as barain ground,
and ſo the vvorld begilde.

The loekar on of table playe,
finds many faults in deede:
(And vvith conceites of this and that,
he doth his fancie feede.)

But bid him play a gaem himſelfe,
and than perhaps he will:
Mis ſome good pointe by ouer ſight,
and loes his money ſtill.

A man that builds a prettie houſe,
in ſvveete and holſome ayre:

(VVith

(VVith goodly rovvms and choiſe of place,
and vvindoes large and fayre.)

Shall heer his neighbour ſtreight diſprayes,
the ſeate and eek the fraem:
Yet hee that praets vvants vvealth and vvit,
and cannot mende the ſeam.

Vvhat needs more words to waeſt my wind,
about theſe buſie brains:
That povvlts and ſvvels at others toils,
and take themſelues no pains.

The beſt is though ſmall goodnes be,
in theſe baer chipps of mien:
My hatchet hewd them all in deede,
vvhear they be groſſe or fien.

And vvhan that theas haue maed a blaes,
and bin in vvorld a whiel:
A bigger baſket vvill I bring,
to make you vvorldlings ſmiel.

And vvheather theas you like or noe,
the reſt aer neer the ſtamp:
VVhich if you pleas to flinge in fier,
vvill borne as cleer as lamp.

Thus faerwell frends or flyring foes,
I kno not hovv to fawne:
I mean to ſee you ons again,
ſo leaue my booke for pawne.

Aduc.

THE SIEGE OF Fol. 1.
Leeth, more aptlie called the schole of warre, (the Lord Gray of Wilton generall thereof) in the second yeare of the raigne of oure soueraigne Lady Queene Elizabeth. Anno. 1560.

AS Marche did ende, so Mars began his raigne,
Whose mē I saw, to bluddy warres were bente
From Barwick walls, they marched throw the plaine
With banner splaide, with carriage baell and tente,
All fitte for warres, to Leeth this armye wente,
And as I know, the nomber was so small,
Sixe thousande and, fiue hundreth men were all.

And most of those, not trayned for the field
More rawe then rype, vnready out of vse:
And some men say, ech leader was not skild,
But what of that? I write not of abuse
If faultes there were, I ought to make excuse:
First do wee creepe, and after learne to go,
All bitts not white, that shooteth in the bow.

Amonge these men, were souldiours of ech sorte
Both old & ponge, what should there more be said?
And some that sought, to get a good reporte
To haunt the warres, did holde them well apaid:
Of Cannon shotte, they seldome stoode afraid
They knew the cracke, and hoyling in the eare
Was halfe the harme, and most of all the feare.

A Such

Such men declarde, they had a det to pay,
And still they wisht, in countries cause to die,
They prayse that man, that serude his prince a day
They were a feare, vnto the enmyes eye,
They beautifyed, theyr bands with brauery:
They bare the blowes, and broughte the ponglings on.
And gaue the charge, when others lokt vppon,

As erste I said, this campe so furnisht out
Lord Gray the chiefe, Lord Skrope the Marshall than
Of knightes and squires, if here I went about
To show their names, as if I list I can,
Time should I loose, and weary many a man
To read their stiles, wherefore your leaue I craue
To write such thinges, as in my head I haue.

A skirmishe at Dumbar.

The maner thus, before Dumbar they passe
Where issued out, the French a silly bande
On horse and foote, and not requyring lasse
To take me thought, the skirmishing in hand:
And thus a while, both parties still did stand,
Till cankred hate, had kindled malice newe,
And badde our men, in field their foes pursewe.

But in the ende, a few were hurt or slaine
They driuen in, and none that skirmishe would,
The campe marcht throw, & did no while remaine
Before Dumbar, the troth thereof is tould:
The rest my penne, shall soone to you vnfould
So that you do, my tale in order marke
And as you ought, giue credit to my warke.

At lengthe

At length in ſight of Leeth our army preaſt
I had forgot, how they the Scots Lords met
Who brought with them, two Thouſand men at leaſt
Few more I geſſe, that were in order ſet
But ſtill in hope, a greater power to get
They put vs in, So thus wee ioynde in on
I may not longe, this matter reſt vppon.

But as I ſaid, when ſight of Leeth we had
Like as the Boare, his briſſels ginnes to ſhake
When he is chafte, and fares as he were mad:
Or as the Wolfe, that newly is awake
In fury runnes, the ſillie ſheepe to take
So did our men, the French full faſt purſue
Where ſone was ſeene, the warres began a new.

They had no minde, on peace proclaimde in Cheape
The leage was brooke, they thought in London made
Out goes the Pikes, the ſouldiours ranne in heape
The ſcabberds falls, and forth was drawen the blade
Some ſhotes apace, the others chardge and lade
But ere the heate, of this great ſkirmiſhe grew
The Dowager, with trumpet toke a trew.

This ſtaye of warre, made many men to muſe
How be it was, deuiſed of theyr Queene
Some ſay by craft, our Captaines to abuſe
And ſo it proude, none other as I weene:
For here and there, the Frenchmen laye vnſeene
As though were ment, no harme on either ſide
As fire lyes hid, vntill the ſmoke be ſpide.

Our Campe came on, and ſought their tents to pitch
The Frenche drew neare, to view our maner throw
Whereat Lord Gray, was diſcontented mitch
And ſent them word, they ſhould retyre them now:
Wherefore (q they,) we vnderſtand not how
Wee ſhould giue place, or any waye be bounde
To part from hence, and leaue our Maiſters grounde.

Vnder the pretence of peace they ſhotte in our faces.

Yees (q my Lord) were not for promiſe ſake
Of truſe a while, we ſhould not reaſon longe:
Full ſtoutly than, the French in braury ſpake
Do what you dare, we will not take a wronge
Wherewith in haſte, they ſange vs ſuch a ſonge
With curriar ſhotte, that had not hap bin good,
They had ſoone ſhed, ſome of our worthiſt blood.

One mā ſlaine at the firſt.

For as our chiefe, and leaders of the field
In daunger ſtoode, vnder the league we had,
They vſde ſuch warres, as haue bin ſeen but field
Full in our face, they ſhotte as they were mad:
A tricke of Fraunce, a bluddy parte to bad
But as God woulde, the ſkath they did was ſmale
It was but one, on whom the harme did fale.

Our rage was great, our bloudes began to riſe
Our ſtomickes ſtoode, as we did this beholde
Throw out the Campe, the noyes ran to the ſkies
At brute whereof, the coward waxed bold
The valiaunte man, had courage dubble fold:
So that a lowde, a charge, a charge, they cride
They taried not, and loked for a gide.

But

But as by chaunce, each one his marrow mette
They ſkirmiſhed, as thicke as bees they ſwarme:
Some loſte their liues, and paide the earth his dette,
Some were ſore hurt, and had no further harme.
I pou aſſure, this ſkirmiſhe was ſo warme
That as the haills, commes downe like rainy teares
The curriar ſhotte, did ringe about our eares.

If Barwick bands, had abſent bin that daye
A preſent plague, was like on vs to light,
Vppon our foes, they ranne and leade the way
And ſtill they put, the French perforce to flight.
But yet I praiſe ſome other men of right
That ſerud ful wel, whoſe names if I ſhould ſhow
Some here might ſay, the men we do not know.

A further cauſe, hath ſtaide my penne herein,
All haue not fame, that worthy are therefore:
Some gets great thanckes, that ſilde in warres hath bin:
Some ſerue ſo longe, their names are cleane out wore:
Some haue ill frends, ill hap and that is more:
So that their acts, lie dead and litle worth,
For that no man, their deedes dare well ſet forth.

All haue not fame that do well.

I leaue this caſe, and to my matter cumme,
That day was hot, and hard for to indure,
The ſhot was ſuch, there could no ſound of drumme
Be eaſly heard, the time I pou aſſure
On both the ſides, they put their force in vre:
And if I ſhal, not lye for fauours ſake,
The French that while, ſerude well I vndertake.

Full wiſe and ware, thay were in all their wayes
And valiauntly, they did themſelues defende.
But as I do, their ſkill and manhode prayſe,
So here I muſt, their boldnes diſcommende
For had wee ſeene, what happed in the ende
Or knowen the ground, as reaſon did require
Wee had full ſoone, compeld them to retire.

Retire good Lord, So well it had not bin
They had bin ſlaine, or taken euery man:
But who can tell, who ſhal the victry win
When men do meete, no more we knew not than
Untill in deede, the heate of this began
Where laye their rewen, where our good Fortune was:
For battailes are, as brittle as the glas.

Now conqueſt ſeemes, than ouerthrowes appeares:
Now ſeemes it good, that after proues ſtarke nought:
Now is he free, that hapneth in the breares:
Now men deuiſe, now all is out of thought:
Now much is ſpoke, and litle thinges are wrought,
This is the courſe, and cuſtome of the warre
Where wiſedome bids, no man to go to farre.

The ſoth to ſhowe, if men before had knowen
What vauntage great, to vs that day was due
Wee had in deede, the Frenchmen ouerthrowen
With litle loſſe: and yet I ſay to you
It happed well, as forth then matter grue:
Our horſemen came, and gaue a charge ful well,
In whom then laye, the ſeruice euery dell.

Their

Their names that chardge, I thincke vnfit to wzight
Who ſerueth well, at length muſt needes haue fame
Let no man thincke, their deedes are buryd quight
All though not here, the perſons do I name
I nill foz that, my wozke put out of frame.
To them I leaue, at large that to diſcloſe
That after ſhall, this iourney wzight in pzoſe.

Sir Harry Kniuet hurte manfully at the charge.

Right hot a while, the enmies ſhot endured
But ſone was coeld, the terroz of the ſame
The hozſemens fozce, in fine the French pzocured
Foz to retire, nay runne awaye with ſhame:
But yet I may, not much their doinges blame
In ozder ſtill, their battel ſtoode mee ſemde
Fiue hundzeth Pykes, they were as we eſtemde.

But what ſhould mozе, be ſaid they ſhzonke aſide
And to theyz towne, they trotted as they might:
But euery band, had not with him his gyde
They bode the bzunt, on them the bloes did light
And as I heard, and ſawe there compted right
Twelue men of name, were ſlaine & pziſners fiue,
Wee toke that day, and bzought awaye aliue.

Twelue men of good name ſlaine on the Frēch ſide, and v. gentlemen taken priſoners

Of common ſozt, of ſouldiours good and bad
Full ſeuen ſkoze, of them we put to ſacke,
And ſome ſoze hurt, into their towne they lad:
Of ours in deede, a very fewe did lacke
Some hurt, ſome ſlaine, our enmies put a backe
And as in deede, the maner is of foztes
The towne ſeing this, againſt them ſhut their pozтes.

Wee hearde thearof, whan all this broſle was donne
But who could ſay, he ſaw the ſame the while,
Each man can talke, whan that a thing is wonne
And with conceites, his fanſie oft beguile,
Runne thrōw the hedge, and after leape the ſtile:
This ſhould be done, our after witts can ſay,
But few at firſt, findes out the ready way.

Well let that paſſe, we drew vs to our reſte
And euery man, made mirth as cauſe he founde,
This bickring dured, foure houres and more at leſt.
Men wilbe glad, when Trump retrait doth ſound,
That weary are, in traueſing the ground:
So doubt I not, it did both parties pleaſe
When they had found, a time to take their eaſe.

In ſhot of Leeth, within Laſtaricke than
We pitchte our Campe, where Cannons cabons brake
And oft by chaunce, it kild a horſe or man,
But no man would, the Campe therefore forſake:
Such tennis balles, did keepe our men awake,
And quickned thoſe, that wear dull ſpirited ſoules
And made ſome lads, to digge them deepe in holes.

To ſaue the warde from harme of ennmies ſhot
Full many a trench, did Pellam cauſe be wrought,
Loke what was meete, there was fewe things forgot:
Our powre ſo ſmall, by euery way we ſought
To keepe the ſame: But that auailed nought.
Some were ſo rude, they ranne their death to ſeeke
So thus decreaſt, our nomber euery weeke.

A biſhop

A Biſhop came, from Fraunce to treate a peace
Muche talke there was, which time conſumed ſtill
But all this while, the wars did nothing ceace
To hurte our foes, we neuer wanted will
At length vppon, a rocke a craggy hill
We plaeſt a pece, and in a trenche beloo
Was other ſtoze, of ſmaller ſhot alſo.

The biſhop of Valence.

Forget not here, the weather on the Seas
Would not permitte, the Cannons foz to lande
The longer here, we laye to our diſeaſe
Foz lacke thereof, which fewe doe vnderſtande:
I would demaunde, howe we ſhould take in hande
To laye a ſiege, oz els our campe remoue
When moſte thinges lackte, that was foz our behoue.

Among our men, might Scottiſhe bitlers haune
Who with the Frenche, a treaſon tooke in hande
A wife, a queane, did make the Frenche a graunte
Upon this rocke, in ſight of Leeth to ſtande:
And there to make, a ſigne to Dozis bande
When that the warde, were careles and at reſte
Which ſhe did keape, her ſelfe the ſame confeſte.

The vvoman vvas ducket in vvater.

The Frenche came on, as they thus warned were
Like men of warre, they choſe their time full well
Our men ſtarte vp, amaſde with ſodaine fere
But what was beſte, to doe they could not tell
Some louing fame, his life did dearly ſell
Some hating death, did ſone from daunger ſhonne
Some paſt all ſhame, full faſt away did runne.

The bloudy monday.

Some

Some made defence, but ſtill they ſtroue in vayne
Once order broke, fare well the fight that howze
So in this heate, was many a ſouldiour ſlayne
There was no helpe, they were ouerlaide with powze
Thus haue you heard, how fortune gan to lowze
Upon our men, the chaunce of warre is ſuche
A man may not, at no time truſt it muche.

But at this tide, full many a one was there
Deſerued praiſe, that are vntoucht for me
And moſte of thoſe, that did them ſtoutly bere
Were mangled than, myne eies the ſame did ſee
But for they are, of meane and baſe degree
I leaue them out, it is ſufficient here
Ik in the booke, of fame their names appere.

Ye knowe when that, the waſpe within his neſte
Is ſturde with ſtick, or any other thing
Aſſone as he, is troubled from his reſte
He crepeth forth, and ſharpely vnder winge
He ſeketh place, for to beſtowe his ſtinge:
So lo our campe, that erſt in quiet laye
At noyes of this, began a fearfull fraye.

Sir Iames a Crotes led the ſoldiours on their enemies.

Now ran they forth, and forward cryde they all
The drummes did ſounde, the ſouldiours made great ſpede
Unto the trench, the Larum was not ſmall
But all to late, the helpe did come in dede
The captaines ſtill, their men with hope did fede
And bad them marche, the day is ours q they
At ſight of whome, the Frenche retierd away.

Grea

Great terroꝛ made, the Curriars in our face
Some ſlaughter to, by that to vs aroſe
But yet in ſpight, the foe foꝛſoke the place
And ſtraight to Leeth, in haſte the enmy goſe
Abide q we, ye parte not without bloes
Upon them roſe, the boldeſt men we had
All had not charge, that daye the way that lad.

The lord Gray that nowe is was ſore hurte at a valiaunt charge he gaue

Undouttedly, the ſouldiours ſemd they wolde
In ſonder riue, the ramper with their handes
And pluck them by, the eares out of their holde
But as it was, they ſlewe vpon the ſandes
And left ſoer hurt, and groning on the landes
I iudge at leſte, as many men full oute
Oꝛ moꝛe then we, had loſt haue ye no doute.

A bande of men, by this time to our aide
At Muſſelbrough, were come vnarmd I geſſe
Of which reliefe, we helde vs well apaide
The enmies ſtoꝛe, therby became the leſſe
This donꝛ all thinges, were put in readines
Foꝛ to diſmounte, ſuch peces as we ſawe
Upon a churche, that kept our campe in awe.

A battry ſmall, againſt the ſame was ſet
In halfe a daye, downe fell therof the chiefe
Than foꝛ the ſiege, we found not ſo much let
Our ſkirmiſhers, retired with leſſe griefe
Our men might come, moꝛe eaſely to relieſe
But marke this well, ſuch ſkirmiſhing I ſaye
I neuer ſawe, noꝛ hard of er this daye.

The

The mounting larke, no ſoner in the ſkie
Then we were fourth: the Frenchemen were ſo braue
Ne night nor day, they would not let vs lye
In reſt, for ſtill, they did the ſkirmiſhe craue
And they in holes, them ſelues could finely ſaue
To cauſe great ſhot, to playe vpon their walles
As t hough that we, were made vnto their calles.

Raſhnes of ſouldiours running out voide of condait loſeth all many tymes.

And this they vſde, full ofte and to our harme
Untill a ſtaye, our leaders tooke therein
Before in fielde, rawe men ſo thicke would ſwarme
That long we ſeemd, more like to loſe then wyn
By raſhnes rude, of ſuche as had not byn
In warres before, but yet with exerciſe
A white cote did, become both ware and wiſe.

And ſerude as well, as any ſouldiour might
With bowe and bill, ſuche weapons as we vſe
And oft therewith, they put the Frenche to flight
What marueile not, you knowe this is no newes:
The bowe hath ofte, made them the field refuſe
The bowe is feard, as farre as flies our fame
And bowes I weene, wan Engliſhmen the name.

Our enemies ſtill, to ſkirmiſhe vs procuerd
And gald our beſte, and ouldeſt ſouldiours ſore
I tell you trothe, the heate of this enduerd
Full long wherby, our men away we wore
But God be thankt, the Frenchmens loſſe was more
For ſtill they ſpente, vpon the ſtock pe knoe
When we without, had meane to come by moe.

By

By depe forelight, a mounte there was deuiſde
Which bare the name of Pellam for the ſpace
I had forgot, how Frenchmen cam diſgiſde
In womens wedes, like queanes with muffled face
They did no acte, but ſone they tooke the chace
I let that paſſe, and of the mounte I treate
Where to be playne, the ſeruice was full greate.

The Captaine there, one Cutbert Vaughan was
And ioynd with him, there were a number mo
This mounte thus made, the campe away did paſſe
More nere the towne, how much I neede not ſhoo
This mounte to Leeth, was ſtill a daily foo
The peces there, a longe the rampere ſhott
Some harme they did, but what full fewe men wott.

Sir Andrewe Corbet vvas here and other gentlemen.

Upon the ſandes, they could no cockells ſeeke
But that this forte, might eaſely them anoy
Some derely bought, their muſkels eury weeke
Some ſacrifiſde, their horſe to ſwete ſaint Loy
Some in their heads, did take ſo mad a toy
They neuer ſpake, a worde ne good nor ill
Some lernde to feele, the weight of our black bill.

A bande of horſe, there were to warde that forte
Which eury day, did ſeruе full worthely
With whom the French, ſome times for chaunge of ſporte
Would mete and ſo, the matter would they trye
The Frenche full oft, I can not this denye,
Made Sallies forth, as tryme as men might do
And ſo went home, with blud and honor to.

But

But commonly, in dede, the worst they gate
Yet stil they brau'd, and bare their fortune out
Their warlike shiftes, they were of suche a traed
My penne shall but, ecclips them out of doute
To painte them right, but since I go aboute
To praise them thus, I will procede for shame
And let them haue, their owne deserued fame.

Policy the preseruer of all gouernmentes.

First all they did, was drawen by orders skill
And seld they paste, the boundes of reasons lore
By pointe deuise, they skirmished at will:
That we perceiud, they practised no more
That we feard not, and had not seen before
They put in vse, thus still their heads they bende
To purchase prayse, and eke the towne defende.

Great neede they had, them selues to vse full well
For all their liues, vpon their doings laye
What should I more, vpon this matter dwell
To tier your eares, and waste the time away
There was no side, stode idell halfe the daye
But on both partes, for seruice driftes were founde
And euery howre, we draue them from their grounde.

Maister Pellam Lieutenaunt of the ordinaunce

At Pellams mounte, by foote and horsemen both
This trade full long, did there the souldiours kepe
Whose payne was much, and sore I tell you trothe
For at no time, in quiet could they slepe
And specially, when day began to pepe
The shot went of, then souldiours to their toyle
And as hap drewe, they did abide the spoyle.

I now

I nowe returne, vnto our campe awhyle
That laye where shot, did daily them salute
And where the Frenche, with many a warlike wyle
Did showe our men, of warres what was the frute
And where some get, their death by littell suet
A skarre, a maime, and suche a rude rewarde
As moste men findes, that do that life regarde.

I spake afore of bickrings, by the Frenche
But here the heate, of seruing might be seen
They bearded vs, and made them trenche for trenche
And shewed them selues, trimme souldiours as I ween
But what of that, we came to serue the Queene
Though to our losse, our courage did we vse
We forst our foes, their trenche at lengthe refuse.

And to their milles, we wente and burnt them downe
Slew them we founde, where many hurte were than
In seruice great, right nere before the towne
Our hap was such, that we the honour wan:
Not onely here, but euer when began
A skirmishe, or a bickering any where
Which as we gesse, we wanted seldome there.

A thondring noies, they made when they came foorth
Their ratling shot, did perce the cloudes me thought
To show the truthe, their Corriars were more woorth
Then double tolde, the peces that we brought
And to be plaine, our shot they counted nought
Yet as it was, when that our men came nere
The Frenchmen bought, their comming forth full dere.

Yet

Yet would they not, be kept no tyme within
An hundreth tymes, they iſſued out I gelle
And ſought for death, their honor for to wyn
What ere they loſte, they braud no whit the leſſe
If here I ſhould, all ſkirmiſſhes expreſſe
What they haue done, what we haue wrought likewiſe
Of paper ſure, a quere would not ſuffice.

Unto my tale, my penne I praye thee paſſe
What humer brought? thy reaſon here ſo wyde
You knowe good folkes, in what diſcours I was
The campe thus plaſte, we did reliefe abide
Muche loſſe eche daye, we had I will not hide
And greater harme, was likely to enſue
If ſome had not, made vp their bandes anewe.

Of watche and warde, our men ſo wery were
They careleſſe ſtoode, of any hap at all
The nightes were fowle, the dayes not very fear
The countrie could, their garmentes thinne and ſmall
And ſtill vpon, their Captaines gan they call
A ſaute, a ſaute, we lye ore long in trenche
Let vs go ſpende, our liues vpon the Frenche.

It ſeemed good, the towne for to aſſaile
Men willing were, in Princes cauſe to fight
The battry ſhot, but that did not preuaile
Muche ponder ſpente, the charges was not light
Smale ſkathe it did, as ſeemed to our ſight
This dare I ſaye, ſo ſharpe a pele ſo ronge
I neuer harde, but yet it durde not long.

For

For this aſſault, lewde ladders, viele and nought
The ſouldiours had, which were to ſhorte God wot
The proſe thereof, with blud the poore men bought
Had they ben long, the towne we might haue got
But looke what God, aſſigned to our lot
We could not ſhonne, nedes muſt it come to paſſe
That he appointes, as there good triall was.

Let thoſe thinges go, I kepe an other paine
Of this aſſault, the manner ſhow I ſhall
First were our men, in battaile rangid plaine
And gardid well, with horſemen were they all
The reſte in trenche, did ſtand as did befall
Till warning made, of Randall maior there
At which they paſt, to Leeth withouten fere.

Captaine Randall gaue warning when thaſſaulſt ſhould beginne.

The drommes did ſounde, the trumpettes blew alowde
The Cannons ſhot, the bowmen ſtode not ſtill
The ſmoke was like, a fogge or miſtie clowde
That poulder made, our ſouldiours lackt no will
To clyme the walles, where they receiud much ill
For when they laide, their ladders in the dike
They were to ſhorte, the lengthe of halfe a pike.

The flankers than, in murdring holes that laye
Went of and flew, God knowes ſtoute men enow
The harquebuz, a fore hand made fowle playe
But it behoud our men, for to go throw
And ſo men ſought, their deathes they knew not how
From ſuch a fighte, ſwete God my frendes defende
For out of frame, did diuers finde their ende.

The ſiege of Leeth.

To ſee poore ſoules, there wander in the dikes
The ſtones were flunge, the curriar bet them downe
The wounded men, let fall both bowes and pikes
The mangled heapes, that creped from the towne
The ſlaughter foule, and here the wofull ſowne
That Souldiours cries, there made I thinke in deede
Would ſure compell, a ſtony harte to bleede.

The bruite of this, abacht our bouldiſt men
And cut our combes, as all were caſt away
The coward ſorte, did ſteale them homeward then
And ſome in campe, came neuer ſince that day
Some ſought diſcharge, Some ſawe ſo great a fray
They wiſht they had, at home bin keaping Crooes
Suche is the warres, where men both wyn and looes.

I leue that caſe, and nowe returne I ſhall
To thoſe that daye, were leaders in the ſelde
And for in ryme, I cannot ſhow it all
And well ſet forth, in ryme are Saultes but ſelde
And wordes I lack, and that I am vnſkilde
To ſeke out termes, that apte are for that caſe
In proſe I minde, therefore the ſame to place.

That ſhall I wright, when this I draw anew
Which in ſhort time, I mynde at large to ſet
But for the firſt, it may ſuffice to you
This naked rime, out of my handes to get
Yet if I liue, I will be in your det
To paye you once a better ſum I thinke
Then I haue yet, ſet forth with penne and ynke.

An other

An other mounte, that Somerſet was cald
Deuiſed was, where Somerſet was plaſt
This ſorte full ofte, the French both ſlew and gald
And many a time, their peces it defaſt
Here you muſt note, theſe mountes were not in waſte
For if they had, not helde the towne in awe
We could not it, beſege for ought I ſawe.

The Earle of VVorceters brother, maiſter Frances Somerſet.

If that the frenche, with frendes that were without
Had ventred all, and ſtode to fortunes hap
In daunger greate, we had bene out of doute
And likely ſure, we were to fall in trap
But lo our chiefe, miſdowting ſuche a clap
For wante of men, to ſege the ennies rounde
Deuiſed fortes, vpon the meteſt grounde.

In this meane while, there came S. Fraunces Leake
To our relefe, whereof much nede we had
A greater lack, we had there than I ſpeake
Of men and helpe, whiche made our hartes full ſad
But ſtill with wordes, the councell did vs glad
And ſaid the Duke, was comming haue no drede
Who muche deſirde, for to ſupplie our nede.

Sir Frances Leake came to our relefe.

The Frenche came forth, at midnight after this
As though they would, a Canuozado make
But as God wrought, their purpoſe did they miſſe
For though ſome men, the trenchis did forſake
An other ſorte, defence did vndertake
And ſtode ſo ſure, and ſhot ſo in their face
That there they ſlew, a Corpzall in the place.

They seing that, full hastely retirde
And lokte not backe, their fellowes for to see
To tourne againe, was none that them desirde
Eache man is glad, to see his enmye flee
A bridge of gould, giue him that runnes from thee
The wyse man biddes, which councell they that maye
Will not refuse, in warres I dare well saye.

Now must you note, the Frenchemens hartes were hie
And of relefe, they made a great auaunte
And for they serud, before their mistris eye
The feates of armes, the more they vsd to haunte
As though our campe, their courage could not daunte
Wherefore full late, at night when Sunne was set
They issued out, to take vs in a net.

Upon our trenche, and all along the sandes
They came amaine, farre past a marching pase
And brought abrode, their braue and chiefest bandes
But as God would, we met them in the face
Where lo the shot, enduerd a maruelous space
Some men of theirs, that while cride shirlly bowes
So nere the campe: that vp the souldiours goes.

A larom in our ovvn campe by the French policie.

A Larom long, among them there they had
And sundry sortes, of thinges they thought thereon
But at the trenche, was many a stubborne lad
Which still with shot, did prese the French vpon
And lefte them not, vntill that they were gon
Or sawe them flye, there whitcotes serud so well
I lack but time, their worthines to tell.

Our

Our enmies now, became more circumſpecte
And curtſie made, ſo nere our campe to come
They would not loſe, their men to ſmall effecte
Nor had no will, to hap in whytcoates thom
They ſent them in, without the ſounde of dromme
They kept ſuch ſturre, as neuer yet I ſawe
And yet at firſt, they were but blunt and rawe.

Still did we hope, to haue from Barvvick aide
It coms this day, q one, it will not faile
The fame wherof, did make the Frenche afraide
They knew they muſt, abide a newe aſſaile
This newes among, our men did much preuaile
But in the ende, they ſawe ſmall haſte was made
Wherfore their mindes, were in an other trade.

The Dovvager, the Queene of Scottes fell ſicke
This while whereon, at length this lady dyed,
Whoſe death did touche, the Frenchemen to the quicke
For ſure their frende, ſhe was as well was tried
(And to her realme, it cannot be denied
She was full faſte) a Princes of hye ſpyete
For Fraunce a perle, a member apt and fyte.

I had almoſte, left out a ſkirmiſhe here
Upon the ſandes, where horſemen honor gate
And in deſpight, they rode the Frenche ſo nere
That diuers Frenche, were ouerthrowne therat
Although that here, I partly touched that
You muſt not thinke, but diuers dayes likewyſe
The horſemen kept, this common courſe and guiſe.

As tyme consumd, so still our men did waste
And nedefull was, for aide or els for peace
And to be briefe, our country made no haste
From watche and warde, our Souldiours to releace
Great murmurs still, among vs did increace
But dewtie bad, eache Souldiour do his beste
Till swete relieue, should bring poore soules some reste.

The byshop of Valence from Fraunce.

From Fraunce there came, Embasadours this to ende
And from our Quene, the like to vs was sente
About the same, they did muche labour spende
And as you knowe, both parties were contente
The Frenche by Sea, vnto their country wente
Compeld with force, they did forsake the towne
To our great fame, and honor of the crowne.

My Lorde of Burleighe that nowe is, came to conclude this peace.

First giue me leaue, our Souldiours to aduaunce
That with their blud, their countries rest haue brought
Next how they serud, against the flower of Fraunce
And last of all, did bring their braggs to noughte
And more then this, note here and kepe in thoughte
They being weake, did make the strong to bow
And to their home, returne with conquest now.

Lord Burleigh ended these broyles.

But or I go, to farre in Souldiours praise
The instrumentes, that endid all this toyle
I must set forth, whose graue and sober waies
And stoutnes both, did giue the Frenche a foyle
They forste the Frenche, to yeld to their own spoyle
They did perswade, nay rather them compell
To parte to Fraunce, as all men knowes full well.

Was

Was this none acte, to worke them so like waxe
That were as hard, as flinte or stony steele
And quencht the fyre, that was so nere the flaxe
And staft the plage, that many one might feele
And brought vs peace and cast all warre at heele
And as a man, might saye mawgre their teethe
Drew out the Frenche, out of the towne of Leeth.

Because the brute, and betill headed braines
Can not conceiue, the depenes of this peace
And that some thinke, that we haue losse our paines
Or that by this, may further warres encreace
For that I would, suche fonde conceiptes should seace
Here shall I showe, the sum of all the same
As nere as I, can put suche thinges in frame.

By this we haue, that many kinges did seeke
A perfit peace, with Scotland euer foraye
By this the Frenche, that nestlid nere our cheeke
Full many yeares, are now dispatcht away
By this small broyle, did seace a greater fray
By this our realme, was rid from further care
Our foes sent home, and we in quiet are.

By this our Queene, hath all her owen requestes
Unfit for you, to know therof the weight
By this great things, as yet in question restes
Till for our wealth, they shalbe framed streight
By this our fame, is lifted suche an height
That euery wight, that throwly wayes this chaunce
Shall saye we stroue, against the flower of Fraunce.

The ſiege of Leeth.

How happie are, the Subiectes hie and low
Rueld by the Prince, in whoſe time this was wrought
Whiche for the zeale, of her own realme you know
And Scotlandes loue, hath ſet expence at nought
And in her dayes, to paſſe ſuche thinges hath brought
As ſeldome could, be compaſt well with wit
Wherefore the fame, therof to her is fit.

Here haue you harde, of Leeth the ordre throwe
As farre as ryme, will ſuffer me to wryte
In proſe who liſte, to make reherſall nowe
Thereof hath ſkope, to ſhow in paper whyte
A better waye, that ſhall you more delighte
For this was done, as there I ſaw it then
And time but ſhorte, I had to vſe my penne.

A FAREVVELL when I went to studie, written to the worlde.

FArewell thou world, that me betrayde to long
To dearely bought, I find thy follies all
Who shall the serue, is sure to suffer wrong:
Who skorns thy happs, may shunne thy sodaine
Who fawnes on thee, shall drincke thy bitter gall: (fall.
Who flyes thy toyes, thy painted face shall find
Who sooner slides, than those which at thy call
Liues like thy slaues, in body, soule, and mind.
First from a child, with fancies was I fedde
All at thy hands, till I to manhode grue:
Than in the darke, loe blindfeld was I ledde,
So that my God, my selfe, nor man I knue.
Wield wit, yong bloud, old vice, new bred in bones,
Made me forget, my dutie all at ones.
Faire things, foule thoughts, fond works & flattring eas,
Had mockied mee, and hodwinckt so my wits,
That in the storms, I drad no Sillas seas,
Nor in the calms, I feard no froward fits
Which were to come: things present pleasde me best
Those gone I made, no myrror to the rest.
Red soft, full mouth, gay backe and foolish fame
Was all I sought, like Lord to liue at lust
At my nowne shape, and shadow had I game
A looking glasse, a plaiffeer trim at trust
To prie a pon, my life thus did I frame
Cleane out of tune, I see it now full well
So that my life, was careleste curye dell.
Yet found I haue, a heape of other harms

Thereby

Thereby: what than, I cannot them amende
When dead they seeme, than spring they vp by swarms
Such mischiefe riep, wil haue a rotten ende
Though at the full, the tied of them are now
The ebb may come, when God a time shall sende
Leaue that to him, and I shall tell you how
I learnde to know, the course and kinde of man
His nature new, his fashion halfe disguisde
And how for shame, at length to I began
To follow that, which I afore dispisde
Full welcome ought, that learning be to me
Which taught me wit, when wieldnes weand the loeme
Of wanton wayes: and blindnes gan to see
The path he misse, the way that ledde me home
Unto the Port, where I would harbred be
And rather dwel, with quiet settled minde
Than roue abrode, to seeke vncertaine luck
Or subiect be, to filthy worldly muck
I would not sure: be bound to such a clogg
That would me rob, of reason and good skill
And in the ende, but fishe and catch a frogg.
As some haue done, and some do vse it still
Which snatch the bone, before the hongry dogg
Who will not part, from that hee hath in hold
Although in deede, his maister would it haue
Unto this ende, this tale now haue I told
To show him wyse, that knoweth what to craue
And asks of those, that freely giues for nought
But he most wise, that hath no greedie thought
And can content, him with those litle skraps
That falls by lot, vnto him for his share
And finds no fault, at others worldly haps
But hath a head, as free from inward care
As babe new borne, yea such a one may smile

And

And laugh his fill, when some crys wo the pye
He shall see much, that hath a simple eye
That man shal see, the strong the weake begile
The poore by rich, and mighty swallowd vpp
The harmles vyncke out of the poisned cupp
The needie lacke, that greedy raueners gripe
The theues let goe, that robbs in skarlet weeds
And sitts on bench, when troeth feeles many a stripe
How feare is dubd, a knight for coward deeds
How manhoode beggs, and none are helpt that needs
How creepe in hools, that did no hurt at all
Are valiaunt calde, such is the peoples vyuite
The quiet man, these thinges behold he shall
And see them passe, and learne thereby some fruite
As I haue done, though farre from quiet minde
In any case, my selfe God wotte I finde
Saue that to toile, and burthens for to beare
I framed am, and letts the world alone
Amid my foes, that fawns and speaks full fear
I liue a louff, and will not be a knowne
There hate I haue, I must dissemble there
As doth those mates, that playes at Fortunes ball
Do not some halte, that well may go vpright
Who can denie, but we dissemble all
In some one pointe, and wisedome we it call
Thinges are not founde, as they do seeme to sight
Some laugh in hart, yet show a weeping eye
You haue hard say, the blind eates many a flie
How should the sadde, with wantons myrth agre
The hole with sicke, the wise with foolishe dwell
The prowde with meeke, the meane with mighty be
If all these sorts, could not dissemble well
And euen so, it fareth now by me
I wincke at things, that I would not behold

Note.

And see

And see those faule, that profites mee no whit
I heare likewise, that I can wishe vntold
I shoote with them, that neuer marke may hit,
But me beleue, yet winne the game I would
Among that sort, that giueth aem to sit
I like not sure: I rather wishe to bet
Than loke apon, and lay on near a sied.
Set doubts a part, it is good sport toget
But he that winns, must hazard needes abide.
(I leaue you there) I would so make my game
It wear halfe won, before the match wear tride
And make him thincke, that hits the marke is wide
And say himselfe, he roueth out of frame
I pray you now, who would not do the same
To gaine thereby, or els at least to saue:
Than graunt me this, dissemble sure he must
As I may do, or in time passe I haue
And made some blind, that better saw than I
And sawe full oft, that I would not perceiue
When that thereon, did like or daunger lye
And yet I lookt, and leered by your leaue
What might befall, and sought to shun the shocke:
And as I fled, ill Fortune followd faste
Whan she would strike, I scaped many a knocke
By douking downe, I knew so well her cast
With cap and knee, her fauour sone I wan
So in a while, she toke me as her man.
But whan I thought, most hold of her to take
A way she wente, the whirle winde in her taile
Yet with her frends, sayre wether did I make
Whose helpe was good, whē world began to faile.
And if you aske, how I acquainted was
With such sure props, that holds vp house and all
And how that I, could bring such things to passe

To keepe

To keepe me vp, whan diuers sought my fall:
(His fall not great, it cannot be I trow
Whose climinge vp, was neuer much you know)
This by the way, I speake yet aunsweare loe
To you I make, that this demaundes of mee
To Courte I came, whear I could hear and see
As others did, and with the strong I stoode
As world did wag, I wound my barke about
And leand me there, wher I could find most good
In deede this was, the way to beare it out
And there I founde, of curye sort ynow:
Would I be braue, I knew wher mates were had
Would I be stout, I saw who would not bow,
His lookes was he, that still I saw go throw:
That shippe made way, that all the sailes could beare,
Small spite sate low, with finger in his eare
Great curtchie crept, full hie among the best
He made them laugh, that lokt as he would sweare
He carryed coales, that could abide no geast
Plaine life the lowt, was litle set by theare
Fine taunting tongues, brought many a foole in feare.
Make loue the meeke, was ready at a call
Faine would be seene, was fishing curye where
Set forth to sale, was markt beyonde them all.
Vaine glorie smield, and lockt for much a doe
New fanglenes, shaekt off old frendship past
Fien faule at foote, could whine and bite you too.
Proude blind conseit, would not be placed last,
Small witte would laugh, at wiser than him selfe,
Disdaine that dwarfe, lookt like a pinisshe elfe
Straunge nature fround, when homely folkes sate downe
Full purse found frendes, that came but late to towne.
Set by himselfe, would not salute but fewe
Small worth made boest, still mouth was all the shewe.

Note.

Tel all,

A farewell to the world.

Tell all that blabb, was cald a royster than
Fals semblaũce thriude, that could ii. faces beare
Happy was hee, that was a toyncoets man
They sped not woyst, that counterfaited wear
Do as woyld did, draue of the longest time
Hee had the lands, that was Dick shifters ear
He caught the byrdes, that best could set the lime
Yet broken shins, some gate that vse to clime
Spite spoynde at those, that better sped than he
Note. All busie heads, could not on shoulders bide
They met full oft, that seldome could agre
Who fell so sone, as witte ouermatcht with pride?
Who rose but such, as roffled forth their yeares
Yet chaunge of suites, brought many in ꝑ breares
White Plumes cost pens, apparel pickt the poyse
All woyne in Courte, was not in City paide
Sharpe set said oft, backe cloutes made belly woyst
Bare cloake be ware, whose credite was decaide
Catch nought poore knaue, could Courte and Courtiers (coyse
Spend all sate still, and loked like a maide
Hope well, made spoile, and waited foy a day
Unthrift would swearc, and dice it all away
Tosse blade would snuffe, and shake a Swinish head
Dare do lokt bigge, as butcher in his shoppe
Saue groet smeld out, where honger might be sped
Proude would not speake, that sate not at the toppe
When Loyter was out, some knew not where to dyne
Who kepes the barre, was asked eury houre
Some spake full fayre, to get a cuppe of wyne
God saue you sir, wilt please ye take a floure
A sweete red Rose, he had that kept good cheare
And many a cappe, and curtchie to the ground
An offar still, was made of all the yeare
Old stagers knew, where such a frend was found

Yong

Yong frie might fall, for any thing they gate
New commers walkt, abrode for taking cold
Full paunch did march, as he had bin a state
Who lookes like mee, thoughte he that chippings sold
When Christmas roobes, wear broght and ỳ day worne
Well was that man, mighte bid that saint good morne
Beare rule stoode stiffe, and kept his betters out
Bold face thrust in, throw thickest preace and thronge
Hoffe haue at all, full hye could hold the snout
Speake as he thought, was not in fauour longe
Finde fault the foole, would flier in echmans face
Ritch rueld the rosse, lacke frends felt all the wrong
Bare life knew not, to whom to show his case
Wast all the wield, might sing a beauy song
Hoyst vp in hast, forgate from whence he came
Hic office skorne, to loke backe how he climbe
Hogge Norton breede, disdainde to know their dame
Pied feard no fall, till foote full fast was liembe
Snatch skratched all, and gaue his fellowes none
Neede likt the plaets, and gnawed bare the bone
Mountch present crept, in corners all alone
Hauoke was made, where meate was litle seene
Unworthie of breede, fardewel God saue the Queene
Spoile would not spare, his charges was but small
Make feast fild in, the king did pay for all
Seeke helpe, speake faire, yet slocly spede his suite
Giue bribs was hard, his money told his tale
Lacke nought had more, but want could finde no fruite
Neede blew his nailes, and looked very stale
Skill for a shift, was glad to teach for pens
Old hangars on, would not be beaten thens
Witte did inuent, but wealth bare all the bruite
Boldnes did speake, when bashnes was full muite
Cunning wrought much, but craft beyonde him crept

Poets

A farewell to the worlde.

Poets made rymes, but roysters praises rept
Wisedome would waite, on many a wodcocke oft
Old broems were good, but new al cleane they swept,
Loue ease sate long, and lockt to lye full soft.
Eate much would boest, he sarude our suffraunt long,
Fat browes knightes, I tell you toke great paine
Some went full gaie, that was not worth a thong.
Some thrue at all, and nicked eurye maine.
He talkt of warres, that had small wit in peace
Skarce knew himselfe, would common wealthes debate,
He spake great thinges, that swelted in his greace.
Wiles well diende, would be a Lords checke mate.
Loe croetcht vnto, a sore discourse would make,
Make roume my frends, (q̃ he) that kept the gate
Craft had a care, to all he did or spake
Unwelcomde geasts, stept in and askt no leaue
Some pleasde the Prince, yet had the peoples hate
Some sarud them both, and did them both deceaue.
He near sate still, that corrid fauour well
Some plaid the fore, that like a goose could looke
Some askte what newes, and yet could wonders tell
Smal minde of God, would often beare a booke,
He went to masse, that would the challice sell.
Some loude the Church, for the sweete relickes thear
Some made of Saints, brought vp another whear:
Some neither saint, nor deuill fearde at all
Some lickt this world, more than the world to come
Some in their ruffe, would get about the haul.
Some spent such nights they drad no daye of Dome
Some watcht their time, and yet thear time they lost
Some bankets made, and wear bankrout at last
Some learnde to be, fine Courtiers to their cost
Some had small helpe, and yet spent all full fast
Some sought to spend, apon anothers charge

Some

A farewell to the world.

Some careleſſe liude, and walkt abrode at large
Some craude a pace, and caught ſome croms by craft
Some could not aſke, they thought deſarts ſhould craue
Some made faire ſale, of blades louſe in the haſt
Some neuer wanne, nor could deuiſe to ſaue
Some waited hard, and gate ſmall fruite therefore
Some had ill hap, and yet no vertue lackt
Some ſaude odde ends, and made of litle more
Some had their baggs, as full as could be thwakt
Some made cold myrth, yet faured for ſuch vice
Who Fortune lickt, was euer moſt in price.
All this in Court, I ſawe and kept in ſtore
Full twentie yeares, as trpall good I haue
Not of Court now, as Courte hath bin of yore
I write I ſpeake, and treate ſo God me ſaue
To ſhow wherefore, from thence I me withdrew
What harme it did, vnto my betters farre
What good likewiſe, he gat that Courte wel knew
How ſome did make, and ſome therein did marre
But to be plaine, where I ſuch chaunges found
I liſte not dwell, let them that wil be bound
To that ſhort raine. I chuſe the quiet ſoile
The Countrie large, to haue free ſkope to walke
To be in Courte, I count it but a toile.
Where hart much thincks, and tongue dare litle talke
Where ſome muſt ſit, and loke apon the walls
And beate their heeles, againſt formeſides all day
And ſubiects are, to others beckes and calls
That life is weake, wherein there is no ſtay
A peece of breade, is better had with eas
Than bankets ſweete, apon ſuch bitter bords
Some ſay there is, no fiſhing to the Seas
Yet many Troutes, are caught on litle fords
That ſhallow ſeeme, with other pretie fiſhe

A farewell to the worlde.

That at the length, will make an honest dishe
On litle brooks, men Angle safe and drie
In lether bootes, and dread no drowning there
On these rough Seas, the least winde in the skie
Tieps vp the Barke, or brings a man in feare
Some haue no harts, with roring waues to striue
Full greene to sight, and vggly to the eye
Which on the rocks, the silly vessels driue
And knocks their Keels, and makes poore Pilots crie
Hael in the saile, let go the bowling mate
Now in good faith, such sodaine chocks I hate
Yet some will thincke, I am not settled soe
But I wil seeke, to trie the Sea againe
Why is the earth so narrow would I knoe
I cannot finde, where I may well remaine
The world is wide, and men must burthens bere
That ordainde are, vnto no better chaunce
That groes not here, takes roote another where
Some shooteth ill, yet hapneth by a glaunce
To hit their game, men ought to do their best
And seeke for lucke, and let God worke the rest
So for my part, I shal likewise proceede
And though I bid, the Court and world farewell
I meane to vse, them both as I haue neede
But for to say, in Court I wishe to dwell
I minde it not, as good me helpe and speede
And for the world, his yoke still draw I must
But sure I serue, him all against my lust
For in the same, is neither hope nor trust
Wherefore my leaue, I take as powre I haue
From him and his, though course of life sayth noe
A worldling here, I must be to my graue
For this is but, a May game mixt with woe
A borrowd roulme, where wee our Pagents play

A skaffold

A ſkaffold plaine, where on we reuells make
A croked path, a parlous fals hie way
A toilſome ſoile, where we much trauel take
Good Reader now, do neither ſtinge nor hille
At any thing, that in this Verſe is plaeſt
Where fault is found, for fauour mend the mille
This rouing rime, was ſlubberd vp in haeſt
And nought thereby the ſimple writer mene
But neither Court, nor world could him contene.

A FAYNED FANcye betweene the Spider and the Gowte.

IF that ye list to giue me eare,
And with my matter for to beare:
Although a Fable tell I shall,
It is to make you meerie all.
Ye may some pleasure finde therein,
And yet my tale, not worth a pinne:
As I haue hard from thinges of nought,
Is wisedome and greate knowledge sought.
Yea goulde is gotten out of drosse,
And torues are made of mucke and mosse:
That beetes the poore a goodly fire,
Nowe to my tale I will retire.
Tenne Thousand yeare agoe at least,
I meane whan eurye birde and beast:
And eurye thing that we can name,
Could talke and reason in good frame.
It hapned than, make you no doute,
Betweene the Spider and the Goute:
There fell a strife full straunge to heare,
Which was ear ended was that yeare.
These two would know by chaunge of place,
Who furthest stoode in Fortunes grace:
And which of them was best at ease,
So ech a part as he did please
A master chose, vnto his minde,
A day betweene them was assinde,
Whan that the yeare was full runne out,
For talke twene Spider and the Gout.
And at which season meete they would,

Their

Their haps and Fortune to vnfold,
The greuous griping goute should goe:
Vnto a husband man I troe.
And dwell with him for that yeare than,
The Spider to a gentleman:
And so they parted seuerall wayes,
But which of them had mirrist dayes.
Here after shall you here me tell,
The Spider was not welcomde well:
Into the Pallace where he dwelt,
But rather many a mischiefe felt.
For eury day there was a maide,
That made the Spider sore afraide:
With mirry Larke, this maiden roes,
And straight about the house she goes.
With swapping Besome in her hand,
And at her girdle in a band:
A iolly bonch of keyes she wore,
Her pecticoet fine lacst before.
Her taile tockt vp in trimmest gies,
A Napkin hanging oer her eyes:
To keepe of duste and drosse of walles,
That often from the windowes falles.
Though she was smog, she toke small eas,
For thrifty girlls are glad to pleas:
She wanne the loue of all the house,
And pranckt it like a pretty mouse.
And sure at eury word she spake,
A goodly curtchie could shee make:
A stoering houswyfe eury where,
That bent both backe and boones to bere.
She neuer sleeped muche by night,
But roes sometimes by candell light
To card and spinne, or sowe her smocke:

Note.

There could no soner crow a cocke.
But she was vp, to sleek her cloes,
And would be sweete, as any roes:
Full cleanly still the girle would goe
And handsome in a house also.
As euer sawe I countrie wench,
She sweeped vnder eury bench:
And shacke the coshens in their kinde,
When out of order did she finde.
A rushe a straw or litle sticke,
She could it mend she was so quicke.
About her busines eury houre,
This maide was calde her mistres floure.
She bare the keyes of Ale and Beare,
And had the rule of better cheare:
She was not nice, nor yet to kinde,
To proude nor of, to humble minde.
To fine nor yet, to braue I troe,
She had as fayre as I do knoe:
Two faire newe kirtles to her backe,
The one was blue, the other blacke.
For holy days she had a gowne,
And eurye part did cost a crowne:
And more by xviii. pence I gesse,
She had three smocks she had no lesse.
Foure rayles and eek fiue kerchers fayre,
Of hose and shoes, she had a payre:
She needed not, no more to haue,
She would go barefoote for to saue.
Her shoes and hoose, for they were dere,
She went to towne, but ones a yere:
At Easter or some other day,
When she had licens for to play.
I had forgotten for to tell,

She

She had a purſſe ſhee loued well:
That hanged at a ribende greene,
With taſſails faire, and well beſeene.
And as for gloues and knives full bright,
She lacked not, nor trifles light:
As pins and laces of ſmall coſt,
I haue to you rehearſed moſt
Of all her goodes, Now to the forme,
And making of this creeping worme:
Her port was lowe, her face was fayre,
It came no ſooner in the ayre,
But it would pill, her cheekes were thin,
God knowes ſhe had, a tender ſkin.
The worſt miſchape this minion had,
Her leggs were ſowllon very bad,
Some heauy humor downe did fall,
Her foote was narrow ſhort and ſmall:
Her body ſlender as a ſnigg,
But ſure her buttocks were full bigg.
That came I thincke by ſitting mitch,
And in her ſide ſhe had a ſtitch:
That made her oft ſhort winded ſure,
But her complexion was full pure.
She was well made from toppe to taile,
Yea all her limbs withouten faile:
Were fine and feat, ſhe had a hand
There was no fayrer in the land.
Saue that with toile, it chaunged hue,
Her fingers ſmall, her vaines full blue:
Her nailes a litle largly growen,
Her bear much like the Sunne it ſhoen.
Her eyes as blacke as Jet did ſeeme,
She did herſelfe ful well eſteeme:
Her lipps were red but ſomewhat chapt.

Her tongue was still and seldome clapt.
She spake as she were in a cloude,
Neither to soft, nor yet to loude:
And tript apon the floer as trim,
Ye would haue thought that she did swim.
As she did goe, such was her pace,
She minsled fine, like maistres Grace:
That at the daggar dwelled oens,
Who made good pies of Mari boens.
I dare depoes apon a booke,
Shee was as good a maiden cooke:
As euer dyest a peece of meate,
And for a banket small or great.
And rayling Paest she passed still,
As soone as flowre came from the Mill:
She made the goodliest kacks thereof,
And backt as faire a houshold lock.
As ear was seene or set on boyd,
What needes more talke: at one bare word
The greatest Lady in a sheer,
She might haue serued seuen yeer,
This maide as you do vnderstande,
With swinging beesome in her hand:
About the windowes would she pyie,
And where she might a Spider spie:
Downe went his webb and all his worke,
The Spider had no place to lorke:
Nor make his skaffold hie nor loe,
But that this maiden still would goe.
Unto a Forme or els a stoel,
And with some kinde of reatching toel:
She raught the silly Spiders neast,
The Spider found no other feast.
But eurye day foule serued was,

Some

Somtime he builded neer the glas.
Somtime full oer his maisters bed,
Somtime before the maydens bed:
Behind the skreen, or on the wawll,
Somtime in parlor or in hawll.
In priuey or at portall doer,
But still this mayde vpon the floer:
Would fling him flat and clap her foet,
(When that she sawe no other boet)
Upon the Spyder if she might,
But though he lakt, both sens and sight:
His skrawling legs did help him oft,
Full soen ye should him see aloft.
And thear he would a web begyn,
But all in vayn the foell did spyn:
For look what all the night he wrought,
The maid at morn, brought clean to nought
This torment still the Spyder had,
When any flye, had maed him glad:
And fell in to the Spyders trap,
Then should thear fault, a fearfull clap.
A broom or els, a littell poell,
Maco Spyder seek another hoell:
He lost his Fly, his house and all,
In wyndo cloes, nor open wall.
He might not dwell, he felt such wrong,
The Spyder thought, this yeer full long:
And wisht that hit, wear all ron out,
That he might reason with the Gowt.
To heer which of them both had felt,
The better dayes, whear they had dwelt:
The Gowt had found, as ill an oest,
The bereist drudg in all the coest.
For if he might a penny wyn,

He la-

He labred throw both thick and thyn,
And yet he was an honest man,
So held in all the parish than:
A good housholder and a iust,
But suer he liued not by lust.
Nor sought his eas to lyg in bed,
To many a mouth yet gaue he bred.
And yet I ges nowe by my lyef:
Neither this man, nor yet his wyef.
Wear worth fiue pounds in reddy gold,
Though they an honest house did hold.
At plow and cart, his goods he gaet,
He lay not long, nor watched lact:
Nor with ill ruell, no surfet found,
He eat and drank, and slept full sound.
This grunting grobbe was short & thick,
His face was red as any brick:
Whear in thear stoed a bottell noes,
A couple of corns vpon his toes.
He had which maed him cut his shue,
He neuer put on garment nue,
But whan that to the wacks he went,
He was dest vp, like Jack a Lent:
And coblar like, whan he did worch.
But when this yoman went to church.
A sleueles iacket than he waer,
A veluet nightcap half thread baer:
A chamled dobled stockt with silk,
His short fayer weyght as whit as milk.
But herein must be vnderstood,
His wief was come of gentyll blood:
Which would not haue him clad in clouts,
But whan he moyld with other louts.
Than cared he not what he put on,

His

His house bit was not maed of stoen.
The wauls with lyem wear whitted well,
And thatcht oer hed, the troeth to tell:
The smock cam foyth the thatch somtime,
But who did on the rafters clyme.
Should finde fat bakon hanging thear,
The house could not be kept full fear:
Foy Hens and Capons, Dogs, and Cats,
About his bed wear many Gnats.
That hommed still vpon his face,
And full of myce was eury place:
Of childyen had he many a oen,
But idell in the house was noen.
Except it wear an infant pong,
The maydens to their wheell they song:
The Carddars myxry wear also,
The hyends about the fields did go.
The Oxen champped in the stawll,
The pygs lay grontting by the wawll:
The capuls fed vpon their hay,
The Hens full many an egge did lay.
The Gees weare gagglyng on the green,
And in good oyder as I ween:
Wear all things that this pooze man had,
The Gowt therof was very glad.
And thought to trie him foy a peer,
And so to taest, cold countrey cheer:
And as the pooze man soundly slept,
In to his foynts the Gowt he crept.
Like theef that steals vpon a wyght,
That ryeds a loen in wynters night:
So stept the Gowt vnto this man,
And sought to vexe, his body than.
And hoept when poer man cald his grief,

That

That he should finde such great relief.
Such rest, such skoep, and tak such hold,
Of man to wander whear he wold:
Yea suer the Gowt had found a soyll,
Ye thought to bring to vtter spoyll.
But loe as leysy lobber laye,
A bed and groend, in break of daye:
His wyef so fowll a bawling kept,
And sayd sie husband you haue slept.
God knoes awaye both wyt and thrift,
Be God ye must mack better shift:
To pay our rent our Landlord cries,
On plowe and cart our wealth must ries.
And not on stretching in the bed,
Ye kno your childzen must be fed:
Your seruants kept and wagis payd,
In deed good man I am afrayd.
That we shall forfeit leace and all,
And into shaem and beggry fall:
Ye kno your wyef doth go full baer,
And locks so lean with cark and caer.
She changed hath her collor clean,
Unto a Peas, or partched Bean:
And wydthers lyek a cock of hey,
Yea glad to feed on crudds and whey.
And pinteh her belly for your sack,
And though I chees and butter mack:
I sell the saem to mack vs ryteh,
Yet well ye wot we haue not myteh.
My goown is lyk to go to gaeg,
The Landlord is in such a raeg:
He will haue money out of hand,
He must redeem his morgaegd land
That youthfull frysks in hazard brought,

Such

Tushe man your wife tacks all the thought.
Not only how to paye the rent,
But also howe to liue in Lent:
And get some herrings hoem ye knoe,
Our stoer is gon full long agoe.
When fleash and whytmeat waxeth deer,
A herring cobbe will wake good cheer.
Among our hynds and childzen toe,
Let neighbours witnes what I doe.
To maintaine household in good stact,
I washe, I wryng, I watch vp iact:
I fast, I spaer, I skrat, I skraep,
And after goods, and gayn I gaep.
Whyels husband tacks his pleasuer still,
And hoeps to haue the wozld at will:
By sleep and crying out of payn,
Let ries a blyster oz a blayn
Upon your littell fingers end,
Straight foz a surgion must you send:
Your father could taek salt and sut
And lyuly lyek a lusty gut.
A medsin mack foz eury soer,
And neuer would ly down therfoz:
Nothough in deed the shyn wear bzoek,
Fy lie not smearing in the smock.
Foz folysh smarts, and stitchis biell,
The husbandman, began to smyell:
To heer the babbling of his daem,
But nill he would he, wozld did fraem.
So awkward wyth this sylly soull,
That vp he rocs, and toek a powll:
In feble hand, to stay vpon,
But busnes sayd he must begon.
And haeld him out of doer in haest,

This

A fained fancie.

This goodly grubbe with fagot waest.
Vestoers his ioynts about the feld,
In things whear on pooer men aer skild:
And seldome stayd in any place,
A shamd in house to hyed his face.
Or vnder hedge or tree to rest,
This trobled much his new come gest:
The gowt I mean, but caerles loe,
Of gowt the pooze man trodged thoe.
Ouer hedge and styell, he skipt and slang.
And as the birds on boeshes sang,
He whistled all the way he went,
And hoemward for his brekfast sent.
Whyels hee the Oxen yocked fast,
And clyemd the trees to beat down mast:
For swyen that must in haest be sold,
And put the skattred sheep in fold.
He did, for sheppard had he noen,
For loe the greatest flock was goen:
And needles seruants aer not fyt,
This man had need pluck vp his wyt.
To pleas his wyef, and pay his due,
What shuld I longer talk to youe:
Of his affayrs, about he flees,
As though his hed wear full of bees.
He ran lyk hound that hunts the baer,
(And of the gowt took litteil caer)
About his work, now heer, now thear,
Somtime with Brambuls would he tear.
His coet, his skin, and knock his knee,
Against a stubbe or croked tree:
And as he after hozses ran,
Somtime fell down this honest man.
No soeuer vp, but troedgd abowt,

Theas

Theas iobs lyekt not the tender gowt.
He loekt foꝛ pylloes ſoft and ſweet,
And opntments foꝛ the ſwollon feet:
And plaeſters warm to humoꝛs cold,
And in fayꝛe clowts to be enrold.
And not to find ſuch froward faer,
Well what of that, good huſbands aer:
A labꝛing to make vp their mowſe,
(And wyn thear bꝛed by ſweat of bꝛowſe)
As was this wyght wher on I wꝛyt,
Abꝛoed in field was his delyt.
In many a ſhuer and bitter blaſt,
And eury day till noen wold faſt:
Foꝛ wantton will he would not eat,
But honger ſauſyd ſtill his meat.
And ſeldom roes with belly full,
His childꝛen from his mouth wold pull:
The bred, the chees, and other cheer,
He kept no houſhold foꝛ a peer.
And waeſted all in littell ſpace,
But foꝛ his lief time in oen cace:
He ſhould his oꝛder finde ſo well,
To much thear was not near a dell.
Noꝛ yet to littell as he thꝛoue,
The tyme and woꝛld away be dꝛoue:
And maed of peas and bakon ſod,
In eeuen houſe a banket od.
A feaſt that fylde the empty paunch,
A ioncket that will honger ſtaunch:
As ſoen as coſtly martchpaen fien,
And Sydoꝛ in the ſteed of wien.
And that was dꝛonk at hy myd meall,
A ſtroek of roeſt, of beef oꝛ veall:
On eury Sonday did he vſe,

And

And all his barones would be skues.
With marraeg of his doughter Kaet,
And still he sayd, twas better laet:
To thryue than neuer saue a groet,
Ye could on fingers ends by roet.
Rehers the cours of all the yeer,
The chang of Mooen, and could goe neer:
To tell whan eury starre should ries,
And talke of planets in the skies.
But that he lernd by sheppards ruell,
At Whytsontyed, at Pacce and Yuell:
He gaue his housholde leaue to play,
And than at stoolball all the day.
Ye might haue founde the mery gyrls,
Bedeckt with works and roefs of pyrls:
And fine froes pasts yee startcht full tryme,
And siluer pyns about eatch bryme.
As pretty pearls wear shining thear,
They had no gymmols at the ear:
For that nue trick cam out of Spayn,
Yet though their garments were but playn.
They had as piupshe paets I knoe,
As had in town the coystest shroe:
That goes in skarlet now and than,
In household with this hoemly man.
Wear wentchis worth the looking on,
Well yet the gowt would needes be gon:
His oest had near a lodging good,
To harbor such a heuy blood.
And yet he must his yeer abyed,
And throw the fier be better tryed:
This man had maed a bargaine nowe,
And shaept to sell boeth Bull and Cowe.
The Sheep and Oxen in the stawll,

To by

To by a better farm withall.
And out of hand a iorney great,
He had to goe, in cold and heat:
And all a foet this must be don,
With butten cap and clowtted shon.
With wallet full of bread and thees,
And ragged russet coet of Frees:
And on his back he boer a byeb,
And littell thought vpon the kyeb.
That hard behind the heell he had,
The bargayn maed the foell so glad:
That out he went as he wear wood,
And seldom suer in quiet stood.
Till clean dispatcht, theas things had byn,
The Gowt that lorked clos within:
At hand beheld theas outward woes,
Than straight vnto the Spyder goes.
And maeks a soer complaynt of this,
The Spyder that tormentid is:
A worys discours to him he told,
Thear maisters after chang they wold.
As they deuiesd, and brought to pas,
The Gowt and Spyder placed was:
At eas as we may find full well,
With hie degree the Gowt did dwell.
And propped vp with koshons gaye,
On bed or bentche, at will he laye:
If Gowt his maister did diseas,
Moest glad he was the Gowt to pleas.
With furrs and clowts to keep hit warm,
And to auoyd a further harm.
The Gowt was bapt and handled soft,
And with swet earbes well bathed oft:

And fed with dainty meats enowe,
The knee nor ioynt durſt no man bowe.
That Gowt had gouernd this was true,
Yea eury owr, a paſhon nue:
Hit brought and bred in maiſters hart,
And ſhronk the vains in eury part.
But he that ons had lodgd this geſt,
(And bent him ſelf to geue him reſt:)
Muſt needs whyels liek doth laſt take pain,
As loe this maiſter was full fain.
The Gowt had found ſo fien a traed,
That as he would his reſdens maed:
From hand to foet, from knee to wryſt,
And rueld his maſter as him lyſt.
With pomen will I dwell no moer,
q he, for fear of handling ſoer:
Nor part I tro from gentill bloed,
The Spyder in liek caſe he ſtoed.
He maed his cobwebs whear he wold,
And in his lodging was as bold:
As any oen may be at hoem,
And further ment he not to roem.
He found no mayd his reſt to let,
They wear to other labour ſet:
Thus Gowt and Spyder wear full glad,
That they their maiſters changed had.
And ſo I leaue them for this tyme,
And heer knit vp this croked ryme.
Note. This taell is written for your wealth,
To ſho wherin conſiſts your health:
I do but heer example mark,
Of things I truſt ye not miſtaek.
Therby declaring as I can,
That eury grief that coms to man:

By idell

By idell lief doth gro and spring,
The Gowt is soner with a king.
Than with a weary labring wyghe,
Why is it rather with the might:
Than with the mean, but for in deed,
That honger maks the poer man feed.
So diuersly he fedeth not,
As doth the rich man well ye wot:
The rich haeth many a syen deuice,
His mynd and diet is so nice.
He knoes not what to eat is best,
And maks full many a needles feast:
To stoer the lust and pleas the mouth,
With sondry sortes of things vncowth.
The belly is no soner full,
The bones must rest, and down he wull:
Upon a bed, or in a chayre,
Syts stretching when to taek the ayre.
He should go walk the fields abowt,
The want wherof doth breed the Gowt:
I mean of to much eas doth ryes,
Great harm and grief in sondry wyes.
And most of those that sienly faer,
Without some sicknes neuer aer:
For eury meat must haue his kynd,
In Stories old I read and synd.
That man by roots and erbs lyud long,
And so grue mighty larg and strong:
Boeth hoell and sound, and well dispoesd,
Untill our knoledge had disclosed.
That fleash was sweet and fish good meat,
But when therof we gan to eat:
A ranker blood that food did breed,
And causd moer humors than did need.

Note.

And al-

And altred ſo our lyuely vayns
With ſwellings ſtrang with botch & blayns:
That eury yeer diſſeſis nue,
Within our bodies dayly grue.
And yet as our nue fedings change,
Diſeaſes com which aer ſo ſtrange:
We can not naem them in their kraem,
Nor ſeek remedy for the ſaem.
Som dye that neuer ſemeth ſick,
Som liue and would be buried quick:
Their payns they are without redzes,
We can not eury greek expzes.
That riſeth of our riots great,
And ſurfets that we taek of meat:
The Plowman haeth no fear of that,
Though that the Spyder and the Gnat.
Within his houſe thear pleaſuer taek,
The Gowt doth ſeldom him awaek:
He lets the Spyder kyll the flye,
And from the Gowt full ſaef doth lye.
When that the Gentill man is fayn,
The cozſled Gowt for to retayn.

A DOLLFVLL DIS-
cours of two Straungers,
a Lady and a Knight.

DRawe neer good mynds that sadly marks,
the sway of worldly broylls:
And heer what I at large can say,
of trublous tomling toylls.
Which did befall in forrayn land,
tween two of noble race:
To whose mishaps and haetfull faet,
a world hit self giues place.
Not long agoe the cace so stoed,
a knight of great estaet:
(In natiue soyll by deastnies lot)
a Ladies fauour gaet.
With whom he ioynd, a hazard great,
his lyking led him soe:
That neyther fear of frowning Gods,
nor dreed of earthly woe.
Could maek him stayn his plighted troeth,
such constant mynd he baer:
For which this second Phenix may,
with Turttell true compaer.
But well away, alas for woe,
his grief thearby began:
In prince displeasuer throw this prank,
fell loe this faithfull man.
And Cesar frowning on the fact,
thear was no nothet boet:
But flye the realm or prostraet fall,
full flat at Cesars foet.

Note.

O staets by this com lern to stoup,
Note. no stoutnes can preusyll:
When from the heauens stoyms do bloe,
and striketh down your sayll.
From thonder cracks both man and beast.
yea Sun and Moon doth flye:
The earth and all that lines belowe,
doe fear the rattling skye.
Whē Gods are moued, in louring clowds,
lyck dusky mantels black:
The troubled aire to moztall men,
doth threaten ruen and wrack.
I turne my talke from such discours,
and treat of that tozmoyll:
Which long this Knight and Lady felt,
at home in contrey soyll.
And somewhat of the caers a broed,
that he perforce did taest:
I mean to wryt so that as troeth,
my verses be embraest.
For troeth and tyme that tries out gold,
hath tempred so my talk:
That pen nor mues no pleasuer taeks,
on doutfull ground to walk.
Now whan these staets with links of loue,
wear tyde together fast:
And many a sad and heauy thought,
between them both had past,
Of Princes grace and fauour great,
(to which regard they took:
As chiefest thing and only cause)
wheron they ought to lock.
They wayd in ballance of their brests,
what fitted serud their torns:

And

And lyek as wood taeks flaem of fier,
and so to synders boyns.
So thyow the heat of this mishap,
they felt such soyrowe thoe:
As though hard deastnye swoer they should,
consuem them selues with woe.
The Lady lost her fredom streight,
the Gods had so decreed:
Her knight by sodain flight a broad,
maed vertue of a need.
And liuing thear with lingring hoep,
in soyrain contrey strange:
Whear absence might thyow present topes,
in some men woyke a change.
He stoed as ferm as marble stoen,
and kept both troeth and tutch:
To her who found few friends at hoem,
and harts diseas was mutch.
Yea though this Knight with offers great,
and treasuer tempted was:
(As they full well can witnes bear,
who sawe those matters pas)
Yet small acount of Foyruen nue,
he maed foy still in byest:
Was shypend the sayne, that stoeny wals,
and pyson had possest.
No feer noy frynd noy fellow maet,
this troylus mind might moue:
This Fawcon scoynd to pyay abyod,
at hoem he left his loue.
Full many a sigh and heuy loek,
he sent a long the Seas:
And wyght him self in fetters fast,
to doe his Lady eas.

What grief of mynd and torment strang,
she suffred all the whyell:
Is knowen to thoes that bondaeg feels,
whoes frynds aer in exiell.
Could mischief fawll on boeth the syeds,
moer harder than hit did:
The oen from ioye and worldly pomp,
in preson cloesly hid.
The other forst by fatall chance,
to seek his fortuen out:
And shonning danger found dispayre,
in wandring world about.
But wayeng well a subiects staet,
and what was dueties bounds:
He yeelded streight to open harms,
for fear of secret wounds.
And ventring lyef, yea lands and goods,
to keep his naem from blot:
(And to requit with hazards hard,
the loue that he had got.)
From Spayn with speed he did retorn,
and setting foet on land:
He put his cause in iustice doem,
and noble Princis hand.
Though in the yoek with fre consent,
the humble hart did fall:
The heauens stoed so out of tuen,
he gaet no grace at all.
And clapped vp full fast in hold,
a prysnars part he playes:
Whear gryepping griefs and greuous groens,
consuemd his gladsom dayes.
Whyels he a loef full long remaynd,
and out of daunger crept:

The

The dolfull Dame in deepe dispayre,
his absence sore bewept.
Yet great regard to promise passe,
shee had as world well wist:
And therefore often wrong her hands,
when that her knight she mist.
But now beganne the boystrous blastes,
to blow in bloudy brest:
And now the golfe of sighes and sobbs,
burste out with great vnrest.
For loe, one house helde both these wights,
yet both a sonder were:
And both in like displeasure stoode,
yea ech of both in feare.
Of Princes wrath and worlds disgrace,
a heauy tale to tell,
A plague past hope of heauens blisse,
a torment and a hell:
That is without redemption sure,
but what should more be said:
Thus vnder locke and barred doores,
these Iuewels safely laid.
They must abide the happie houre,
that God appoints in skies:
And drincke vp water sweete or sowre,
or what shall hap to ries.
The prison than did pleade their case,
the walles both deafe and dom:
Did showe by lines of freedome goone,
what sorrowes wear to come.
The shreeking Owle in silent night,
at window clapt his winges:
To threaten death or badde successe,
of sondrie doubtfull thinges.

Noioy.

No iopfull sounde was heard with eare,
no newes of happie yeares:
No pleasure to the pinched harte,
in prison strong appeares.
Note. Amit the Lute with touch of hande,
a heauie domp doth shot:
A coelling comfort Musicke brings,
to wretches wrapt in woe.
No mpth with mourning moen may match,
for mischiefe measure lacks:
And care consuems the minde of man,
as fire melts Virgin Waxe.
In silly Sell, and seurall place,
these two estates did sit:
Whose comming out did farre surmount,
the compasse of their wit.
As long they spent their tickle time,
in teen and terror great:
So oft God wot of matters hard,
in head did hammers beat.
Now hoping that the clouds would calme,
and stozms would stand at stay:
Than looking whan the Planets tozndc,
their course another way.
But shaken shipps in seas do sincke,
when surgis ries aloft:
And vnder waues (for want of ayde,)
weake vessels welter oft.
So that no hope of succour seemes,
to come when tempests rage:
Except the Gods draw backe the plagues,
and winde and weather swage.
The present panges and parlous thoughts,
that pearcetb troubled minds:

Is knowne

Is knowne to none but such I say,
that lacke of freedome finds.
A prisner beares a simple port,
most glad to pleas and plye:
As subiect to the keepers becke,
and iellouse Geilors eye.
Now trasing out a wearie walke,
now whisht and quiet stands:
Now downe on knees, now to the clouds,
looks vp with streatched hands.
Now listning after happie newes,
now nipt with sorrows old:
Now sore abasht and brought in mues,
now mirrie stout and bold.
Now riepe and reddie for to speake,
now dumme and dare not store:
Now fearefull of eth sodaine sounde,
and clap of eurye doore.
Now bent to beare and suffer wrong,
now full repoesd on right:
Now faine to fawne on feeble folke,
now setting all thinges light.
These passions stil awakes their sprees,
that careful captiues are:
Such smart they taste, such breade they bite,
that feeds on loues of care.
Yea some are sarud with chaunge of meates,
yet touch they nere a dishe:
But sits like Tantalus in hell,
and wants what moste they wishe.
These twaine I troe were not so vsde,
but yet when best they sped:
On heauy mossells mixt with mone,
their hongrie stomacks fed.

Note.

No

No daye stoode free from Fortunes foile,
no houre but noorisht fear:
No season serude to salue the soers,
of sooking sorrow thear.
No drincke could coole the furie hot,
of thraldoms thirsty throte:
No pleasaunt Uerse nor dittie fraemde,
to dollors dollfull note.
No booke nor storie might reuiue,
their drowping dead delite:
For from the thoughtes of thirled hartes,
are pleasures banisht quight.
To slowth, to sleepe and mirthlesse moods,
their dompishe dayes enclinde:
As from the clue of worldly cares,
should threed of life vntwinde.
Displesd the night, abhord the day,
and hated houre of birth:
Thought skorne of foode & cleane forsoke,
the pleasures of the earth.
Would faine haue lost both speach & breath,
and loekt when hartes would burst:
Beleeude they were in mothers wombe,
or els in cradell curst.
Though drousie dreede, did death desire,
and griefe sought quick dispatch:
There was no parting from the place,
till daye discharged the watch.
Wee cannot paye our borrowde breath,
before thappointed howre:
The ende of strife nor staye of state,
standes not in peoples powre.
The Gods that guides the heauens hie,
in secrete doth beholde:

The fine, and fleeting feeble course,
of earth and massie molde.
The hart may heaue the breast may bloe,
the body sighe and swelt:
The face by open sines may show,
of priuie passions felt.
But all these stormes haue litle force,
to ridde mans wretched dayes:
As by these parties plaine I proue,
throw torment sondrie wayes.
Well those from whom ỳ Gods restraine,
the skope and vse of will:
Must bende the backe and bowe the ioynts,
to beare the burthen still.
And yet no toile nor griefe so great,
but finds at length some eas:
There followes after swelling flouds,
a quiet calmie Seas.
By meane of suite and labours long,
and gracious Prince in deede:
A sweeter soile these prisnars found,
that better bloud did breede.
But kept a part as Fortune shapt,
and so in silent shade:
(As place and time did licence graunt)
a fresh complaint they made.
Of croked chaunce and straung extremes:
that sondred faithfull harts:
Whose sugred loue was euer mixt,
with baell and bitter smarts.
And neuer after like to meete,
nor set ne eye nor bewe:
The one apon the other Lord,
a matte: mitch to rewe.

Longe

Long in the broile of this conflict,
and battell of the minde:
They paste their time with bare beliefe,
of better hap behinde.
And wearing oute with waylings longe,
their weary life God wot,
And finding hauen choked vp,
where passage should be got.
At ancker vnder watch and warde,
in tossed barke they laye:
From whens there was no quiet meane,
nor hope to scape awaye.

Note. The Lady now for lasse farewell,
betoke her selfe to teares:
And of dispaire in persed brest,
a double poyson beares.
Her hollow cheeks and dasled eyes,
declaerde her death was neere:
And bade her keepers to prepare,
both shrowding sheete and Beere.
For nature did denie her life,
her hart was tainted soe:
That cankred thought should come full sone,
and make an ende of woe.
Her colour changde her cheerefull lookes,
and countenaunce wanted spreet:
To sallow ashes turnde the hue,
of beauties blossoms sweete.
And dreery dulnes had bespred,
the wearisshe body throw:
Ech vitall vaine did flat refuse,
to do their dutie now.
The bloud forsoke the wonted course,
and backward gan retyre:

And

And laft the lims as cold and swarfe,
as coells that wasts with fyre.
The moisture taken from the tree,
the leaues drops downe apace:
When sap dries vp and faills the roote,
the branches loes their grace.
Some bowes you see do flourish fayre,
and groes a goodly height:
And some by frost and cold ayre nipt,
and so are blasted streight.
As eury fruite and floure in field,
do yeld to sodaine claps:
So all that breathes with liuing soule,
are subiect to mishaps.
How should this dame desire to liue,
that hourely wore away:
Who would not shedde some teares to see,
this tender twig decay.
What stony hart could suffer more,
and bere with eeuen hand:
The weary weight of worldly woes,
and whiske of whipping wand?
And when she saw her houre aproch,
and death his dutie craue:
And she amid her chiefest prime,
must go to greedy graue.
She toke of worlde a noble leaue,
and calling for a frende:
(Who liueth yet and can report,
how she did make her ende)
She saide with loude and comely voice,
O world I thee forsake:
I haue bin here a pilgrime longe,
and now my leaue I take.

Note.

Of all

Of all thy Pompe and pleaſures vaine,
that makes my ſences blinde:
Whoſe glorie doth beginne with paine,
and ends with griefe of minde.
In dongon deepe of deinty thoughts,
thou holdeſt curſe wight:
And feeds their fooliſh fancies ſtill,
with toyes and trifles light.
Thy priſnar was I borne to be,
and Adams children all:
(Like captius here condemde to die)
muſt ſuffer for his fall.
But nowe the chains and lothſome lincks,
that lay on ſhoulders weake:
(And all the bands and cloggs of care)
in ſheuers ſmall ſhall breake.
And I from cage ſhall mount to ſkies,
more ſwift than bird with winge:
And flicker like a ſimple doue,
where ſhining Angels ſinge.
I bringe a badge and liurye both,
that my good maiſter CHRIST:
Did leane for ſuch as beares his Croſſe,
through foggs of worldly mieſt.
Yea ſhaking of, this ſinfull ſoile,
me thincke in Cloudes I ſee:
Amonge the perfite choſen Lambs,
a place prepardе for mee.
Here is no home nor harbring houſe,
but cabbens built on ſande:
That curſe pirrie puffeth downe,
or ſtill on props doth ſtand.
Our Fathers ſpreetes poſſes in peace,
the countrie that wee craue:

We are but strangers far from hoem,
that nothing certayn haue.
These wear her words and many moe,
which follows as she spoek:
I dyd (qd she) by bryttell lyfe,
O Lord, thy wrath prouoke,
For which I now repent me soer,
and trusting to receaue,
Free pardon for my former fautes,
ear sowll shall body leaue.
My faynt and feble vessayll frayll,
so fears thy Justice great:
That hyt appealls from curs of law
vnto thy mercy Seat.
I am but worms meat wel I wot,
all Fleash is nought but gras:
To Earth and ashes out of hand,
must all my pleasures pas.
I want the force, thou hast the myght
to stryue with Death and Hell:
Thou art the Rock, the corner Stoen,
the Fountayne and the Well.
From whom the Springs of lyfe must r
and vnto whom again
The thyrsty soulls, and hongry Harts:
for help do trodg a mayn.
Who hath byn washed in thy Blood,
is whiter than the Snoe:
O let the streams and floed of grace,
with fauour on me floe.
In Booke of lyfe, let wryt good Lord,
my name among the rest:
That ordaynd wear, ear world was made,
to sleepe in Abrams brest.

Blot out the bleamiſh of my brow,
that at the latter day:
May ſtrike the conſcions with diſpayre,
and cloked crimes bewray.
Giue boldnes to the baſhfull ſpirite,
that fears from hens to flitte:
Like hope and fayth now ferm to ſee,
great God in glory ſitte.
Note. With cloſed hand than breſt ſhe knockt,
ſo gaue a ſighe and ſtayd:
And then conceiud ſome inward ioy,
with cherefull face ſhe ſayd.
Do mourne no more O trembling ſoule,
that knowes not wher to ſtaye:
Come from the kaytiffe carrayne corps,
and cabben made of claye.
And loke vpon the Lamb of God,
whoſe death thy randſome payd:
That bleſſed babe the virgins Sonne,
that borne was of a mayd.
Come filly byrd out of the den,
where naught but darkneſſe is:
And loke on euerlaſting light,
and louing Lord of blis.
Thy luſts of fleſh and worldly pomp,
I hope are quencht in me:
Throw faith a lone from ſin and bond,
I haue eſcaped free.
And with that word in ſine of ioye,
a Salme full loud ſhe ſange:
The ſollemp noyes and ſound therof,
throwout the chamber range.
And ending that to prayer ſtreight,
of her own mind ſhe fell:

The

The ſaunders by whoſe teares burſt out,
at this her laſt farwell.
Began to giue her comfort than,
of life and welfare both:
Yea hue I ſhall and do right wel,
qd. ſhe I know for troth.
But that is in a nother world,
the hope of this is gon:
And reaſon is it ſhould be ſo,
for here there lueth none.
But ſees the vannes of our ſtate,
and taſtes ſuch torments ſtill:
That ſondry tymes, they wiſh them ſelues,
from hence with right goodwill.
Heare is but toyle and ſweate of browes,
and endles labour found:
And nothing reapt but wretched wrak,
and broken ſleepes vnſoond.
Where I ſhall go I ſeace from payns,
and ſo ſuch ioye poſſes:
As heart ſkarce thinks nor head conceiues,
nor tongue may well erpres.
Than hold your peace, knit vp your talke,
and trouble not the ſpræt:
That drawes from hence and hopes it is,
for better place more mæt.
A Lady thoe that vertue lykte,
and there ſome credit had:
Replyed and ſayd O noble dame,
in dæd you are to ſad.
Theſe panges ſhall paſſe, theſe fits ſhal fade,
and all theſe paſhons dye,
As they haue done whan you full oft,
in ſuch like ſort did lye.

O Madam ſpeak no moer of that,
my tyme drawes on (qd ſhæ)
I ſhal not dye, but make exchange,
of breath and lyfe I ſæ.
The Glas is run, the clock wyll ſtryke,
Death doth aproch a pace:
My cours is don, the Iudge draws neer,
to ſyt apon my cace:
No longer hære I may abyde,
the packing day is come:
Death byds me now vnarm my ſelfe,
and hære the mortal drom.
That calls me hence, as naked ſuer,
as to the world I cam:
The cours of Nature shoes me to,
that earth and duſt I am.
The Harrold of long home is ſent,
to Sommon me in haſt:
Than ſtay me not for in that poynt,
booth teares and words ye waſt:
Yet ear I part, good friends (qd ſhæ)
behold what hoep I haue:
And note what fayth and badge of Chriſt,
I cary to my graue.
And marke, how I confeſſe with mouth,
that Chriſt hath ſhed his Blood
For me, and thoſe that earſt in ſtact,
of dæpe damnation ſtood.
And by his Paſhon I am ſau'd,
and not by my dezarts:
But by the help of him that knowes,
the thoughts of ſecret harts.
Now ſtaying hære, ſhe lookt about,
and to a Knight ſhe ſpack:

And him desired with humble words,
that he the paynes would take:
To show the prynce what past her mouth,
& tell him syr quod she:
This is the sute and last request,
that must be made by me.
Vnto his highnes whose estate,
our blessed Lord maintaine:
And pray him to forgeue me now,
for I confesse but playne.
I made a fault, and sore offence?
when I against his will:
Estrang'd my self from his good grace,
for any hope or skill.
But from my byrth vnto this day,
my hart and thought was clear:
From breach of subiectes duetie sure,
and I protest it here.
I neuer ment nor purposd yet,
in worde in deede nor thoght:
No harm (nor lodgd one yll conseyt,
nor spark of euell soght)
To hym as God may witnes bear,
to that which nowe I speak:
Saue nowe alas by ouersight,
of feble fancies weak.
I feell and fynde the pryce therof,
and suffer for the saem:
An open check and priuey plaeg,
and pynching publik blaem.
I hope his highnes haeth forgoet,
the fault I dyd commit:
And as he is a noble Prince,
in regall throen to sit.

And iudge his subiects causis all,
so hoep I of his grace.
He wyll receyue my chyldren poer,
and help thear heauy cace.
O God forbyd for mothers fault,
the chyldren shuld a bye:
No grayn of grodg, nor ground of gyell,
in gyltles baebs doth lye.
I do bequeath them nowe q̃ she,
vnto the Princis hands:
In hoep the fauour that they fynd,
shall eas the fathers bands,
My nature shoes a moorning chéer,
to part from them God knoes:
For chyldren fynd small comfort héer,
whan hens the mother goes.
If God moue not the Princes mind,
to pitie thear estate:
Note. Now as this Lady dyd at large,
about her baebs debate.
Uppon her deer boght Jewel than,
she cast her only thoght.
Yea for whose sake and great good wyll,
she was in troble broght.
And pawsing on this matter throwe,
a heuy syghe she gaue.
O good sir knight sayd she to one,
a thyng of you I craue.
Commẽd me to my worthy frend,
and byd hym comfort take:
And heep in God and Princes grace,
thogh I do world forsake.
He may do wel and fredom get:
but me ye shall not meet:

Tyll from the cauc of pampred fleashe,
departs his gronyng spreet.
Whyles lyfe I had I honord him,
and sasly kept my bowe:
As lyfe dyd bynd me his in all,
so death doth lowse me nowe.
From hym and all my worldly ioyes,
but thogh my frend I leaue.
On hye whear dwels a greater frend,
(if hoep not me disceaue.)
I trust to se his bacbs and hym,
and thogh much greef hit is:
To leaue them heer in bitter baell,
yet noet I goe to blis.
Whear is no mind of combros caers,
nor cause of sorowes known:
O tell hym that aboue I hoep,
theas storms shalbe oer blown.
And as a skrowll is lapped vp,
yea so shall all thyngs heer:
(When sowlt shalbe immortall maed)
vnto our belwe a peer.
No soener of the sowll she spock,
but soddayn thang began:
In locks and lyms of deadly shoe,
with collor pael and wan.
The eyes dyd staer the body streatch,
the strength and force dyd sayll:
The teeth they chattred in the cheeks,
the hands dyd quack and quayll.
The mouth dyd reem the head dyd shack,
the fleashe hyt quivred fast:
The feet ware cold the face dyd sweat,
full swyft the pols past.

A right figure of Death.

The

A pattern of death.

The hart dyd heaue and beat in brest,
the breath lyk earth dyd sent:
At eares and note the styffled goest,
and vittall lyfe soght vent,
Though gasping breath brought passions on,
and gript her hart full hard:
Yet showd she throw thoes sharp assaultes,
to frend a great regard.
And callyng for a bore of rynges,
among them choes she won:
In which was set by conning aert,
a ritch and precshoes ston.
Hold carry this q she good Syer,
to my deer noble knight:
Ye can remember what that stoen,
presentes vnto his sight:
The other token that I send,
bit is a weyghty ryng:
Best lykt and derest bought God wot,
of any earthly thyng.
And when ye shall gyue hym this gyft,
deiyer hym well to mynd:
The lyttell imps the pretty soules,
the babes I leaue behynd.
And byd hym bryng them vp in fear,
of God and Prince I saye:
Loe that is al I do requier,
of hym my dyeing daye.
I haue no gold to send my babes,
but blessing I them gyue:
Which God cōfyrm with grace good store,
As long as they shall lyue.
O yet thear is another ryng,
which loe my loue must le:

Whear is my picture: death I mean,
and tell my friend from me,
That I as cold and sensles toe,
shalbe in littell space:
As is that shadoe dom and deaff,
and spreetles shacp of face.
This don she tornd her hed a syed,
and bacd them all facrwell.
Twear good quod she in syen of death,
I hard the passyng bell,
For sutch as lyue may pray the whiel,
and knoe when bell doth towll.
Into the bowells of the earth,
the boddy partts from sowll.
Yet meet they shall when trumpet sownds,
and that the dead aryes.
And both together shall assend,
I hoep to starry Skyes.
Wyth this began the battayl feers,
betwen her lyef and death.
Lyk geest she lay, whyells hart dyd groen,
and mouth gacpt wyed for breath.
Than sayd she Lord in to thy hands,
I doo commend my spreet.
And so her self cloes'd vp her eyes,
and hyd her head in sheet.
And went away lyk enfantt yong,
clean voyd of storm or raeg.
Or lyk a boddy fawlls a sleep,
that can not speak for aeg.
Thus breathles laye this Lady nowe,
lyk weyghty lomp of claye,
(That earst had lyef and feelyng forces)
and past lyk flowre a waye.

But

But whan the nues of this was broght,
vnto her playffeers eares:
With roering voyce aud blobbred eyes,
thear goeshed owt sutch teares,
That wytnest well with owtward syens,
what woe he felt within.
And truely told when she dyd end,
his doller dyd begin.
Bereft of sleep, and roobd of rest,
he roemed vp and down,
And cast of weeds of worldly pomp
and clapt on moornyng gown.
No eas nor pleasures could posses,
nor feell the taest of meat.
Resolud to pyen and starue him self,
his greefs they wear so great,
No councell could him comfort long,
and styll aloen he drue,
To morn and moen to howll and crye,
and make complaynt a nue.
And worn away with wofull syghes,
when sorrow helped not.
At leyngth the lyef must be sustaynd,
with som releef ye wot.
But howe he takes this mischeef yet,
and howe the matter goeth:
Hyt passeth farre my reatch and wyt,
to iuog I tell you troeth,
His Lady gon as you haue hard,
when dayes and yeeres wear spent,
In thraldom long, yet after that,
was better forcuen sent.
For in to princes grace again,
he cam by blessyd chance:

And so he lyus in open woꝛld,
whear vertue may aduance:
Both him and many thousands moer,
that noble lyues doo lead,
And wyesly walk with vpꝛight mynds,
and stepps of honour tread.
Loe heer you Daems of hy renown,
a Ladyes death set owt:
Whoes lyef soꝛ fayth full feaw shall fynd,
that seeks wyed woꝛld abowt.
To God and Pꝛince repentant suer,
to woꝛld a myꝛrour bꝛyght:
Wheꝛfoꝛe with tong and true repoꝛt,
resolvnd her pꝛays a ryght.

¶FINIS.

The Roed made by Syr william Druery

Knight, into Skotland, from the Eaſt Seas to the VVeſt, (vvith ſundry Gentlemen of good calling) for the reformation of ſuch cauſes as the Queens Maieſtie and her Councel thoght cõuenient. In the .xiii. year of the raign of our ſoueraigne Lady Queene Elizabeth.

The names of the Captaines and Gentlemen in his company.

Syr Thomas Manners.	M. Michell Carye.
Syr George Cary.	Captaine Carye.
Syr Robert Conſtable.	Captaine Caruill.
Syr Ierome Bovves.	Captaine Auſtell.
M. William Knovvle.	Captaine Edington.
M. Henry Cary.	M. Edmond Varney.
M. Robert Knovvll.	

My Lord of Suſſex forneys I ſet out in my ſecõd book.

MY Lord of Suſſex, now lord Chamberlayne, hauing finiſhed two famous and notable roeds into Skoclande, which I haue written of (as chargeable as paynfull, & of no ſmal credit & pollicy) reſted a ſeaſon at Barwyck, by reaſon of a ſickneſſe taken by ouermuch trauell of body & minde in the ſtruce rehearſed, & repoſing him ſelf in that towne for ỹ benefite of health thought neceſſary (in the preſent exploits & ſeruice expected) to inſtitute another generall for the execution of ſuch matters as he him ſelf would gladly haue taken in hande, if ſickneſſe had permitted: and becauſe eche gentleman ſouldiour & ſeuerall bandes ſhould ductifully obey (in all poincts & warlyke order) the nue generall choſen for this purpoſe, my Lord of Suſſex made an oratiõ in ſuch forme & manner as throughly explayned ỹ whole ſubſtance of the ſeruice, the vnſuretie of the ſeaſon, the difficult dealing of diuers aduerſaries, and vttered the excellency of an Orator. At whoes eloquence the hearers rather ſtood aſtonyed than vnſatyſfyed in any poynt or parſell, wherin he opened the bowells of rebellyon, the practies of enemies, and ſubborning of traytors, and earneſtly perſwaded euery honeſt mynd, to be myndfull of his Prince and countrey, in

the lybertie

the lybertie wherof, booth lyfe and lyuing is alwayes to be offered, after which Oracion as custome is (for seruice past, and things to come) he made these knights that heere are mentioned, Syr William Drury, Syr Thomas Manners, Syr George Care, and Syr Robert Constable, and placing the Generall in full authoritie, he committed them to God and the good conduct of their Chieftaine: then presently with professed obedience each man desired to do a dayes seruice, to venter his lyfe, to shed his bloud, or shew his duetie. Wherupon, and as great & weighty cause moued, my Lord of Sussex cõmaũded them to martch forward, & so they did, & made that night a greater martch than was loked for, & yet no lesse spæde than was nædeful: by which forwardnesse, sodain exercises of Armes (& a brute blowen abrode of a more soner departure) the enemies wer discouraged & hindred of their hoep, & our men made masters of the fielde, and possest in a maner their wish & desired hap, at the least taking advaũtage of the time, they preuented the pushe of a perillous & present pollicie, & auoyded the danger of a troublous time to come. For the enemie regarding our readinesse & desire of encounter with them, retyred so fast backwarde, that all their labour was lost which they toke in hande before. And now wer they somwhat abashed that before vsed ouermuch boldnesse, yet in doubtfull ballance stode the weight of this iorney, considering what followed by the fyennes or falshod of double meaning friends (beside the dangers inslict to the hazards of Fortune) Our people being thoght at ẏ first to be great in nomber, wear suffred to martch wher they pleased, but the enemy aduertised of our smal power, not only lyke chafed Boares began to pluck vp the brysells, but also bruted abroad we were taken in a pitfold & had nædc of a treble company to accõplish the exploit taken in hãd. And after our power had passed Edenbrogh towards the force of ẏ aduersaries, the secret practisiens of mischief in ẏ town, set sodainly on Note.

ly on our Lackkeis: and such of ẏ traine as could not cõueni-
Note. ently follow ẏ Camp with expediciõ, were in daũger to fall
in ẏ fury of those bloodsuckers ẏ delighted in slaughter, who
sought by suttletie to bring poore weaklings to the mercy of
ẏ sword. But this boldnes & audacious dealings, hindred no
whit the hope of our generall, nor brake no peece of our pur-
posed matter, for our Campe though it was but little, tooke
great regard of their safetie & honour, & knew ẏ the enemies
espials slept no more thã their sleights, nor nothĩg was kept
more awaken than their cõmon cõsent, for our destruction,
Which made vs so vigilãt & careful, ẏ euery man was bent
to beare of the brunt of this busines to the vttermost, with
the pollecie of hed, perrell of body, or hazard of life: and kept
them selues so fast linkked to gether, that it seemed a thing
impossible to break their order or daunt their corage, being
resolued to trye by sword and seruice the worst or best, that
fortune could doo. And so marched onward as boldly & with
as great a show as nothing could haue bin a let and impedi-
ment to their purposed enterprises. At the vew wherof the
enemies were not only amazed but likewise striken in such
feare they wist not what was best to be don, & finding their
deuices disciffred & ouer taken, (& their force & people, but
weakly guided.) They inuẽted to cast another compas and
so to frame by falshood & treason a readier way for the exe-
cucion of their wyeles & wicked wils, as hereafter you shall
perceiue whan I come to touch the perticulars. Our camp
neither spared paynes, nor no exersies of armes all this sea-
son, and so approching many places on ẏ sodaine, they made
The Duke chattilleroy was at this seege and went away discoraged. the enemy retyre & raysed the siege of sundry Townes as
Glasko & others which were to long to reherse, yet alwayes
as mildly and quietly as was possible in their passage out-
ward they behaued themselues: defferring the punishing of
false brethren & deceiuable enemies, til ẏ returne of ẏ camp
homeward agayn If god so shuld suffer. And being masters
of the

of the field and emboldned to marche forwardes by the happy successe of their labours, they made as great spæde as they might to be at Dombrittain there to finishe by fight or fauorable fortune, ỳ greatest hazard & toyle of this dangerous iourney. And now was it come to ỳ vtter extremitie ỳ eyther ỳ enemy must haply dissemble & worke some treasonable train, or openly stand at defence & point of the sword. Wherupon they made a show & syne of great amitie. & cloking pretensed mallice vnder a parle & communication of peace, they semd to mistyke no matter ỳ was ministred. As though they agreed to haue an vnitie & reformacõ for ciuell wars & disorder crept in the common wealth by caueling & quarrellous people, & offring in a maner all securitie & trust for the saffe meeting of the lord Flemming & syr William Drury, who should thorowly talke & debate of thinges than most necessary & conuenient (to be amended, or at the least wise spoken off) So our generall cõdescẽded to see what fruit this florishig frendship wold yeld. And geuing occasiõ of good liking & no suspicious handling of this busines. Syr William Drury prepares him self to go a part from his power, offring to be armed or vnarmed. Alwayes prouiding if any of ỳ enemies had issued out of ỳ towne (for a trayne & false practies) he had a sufficiẽt band ready, to resist al mischeues ỳ might follow So as ỳ marshall manner is of meetings for such purpose, the Lord Fleming and our generall pleased in place, as al kinde of doubtes & dangers stood voyd & clere of suspicion & free from all feare. But ỳ lord Fleming cõtrary to our hope & against ỳ law of armes, by cautel & suttle sort had closly layd abayte to betray Syr William Drury or caused twain of his Soldiars at the very instant of meeting to shoote of their peeces, & thinking by ỳ death of the general, a general disorder would follow to further ỳ good fortune of ỳ faithles flock & disceitful dealars. And in deed for truth, our generall was no soner in daunger apon trust, but this treason was

son was put in præfe & present practise, for two seueral shot wear sodainly discharged ful in ẏ face of Syr vvilliam Druery, & the enemies missed but a little, the only mark they shot at. Notwithstanding Syr vvilliam Dreury (as one resolued to reuenge iniury & falshed) stoed so stoutly to his own businesse, that he shot of both his Dagges, to the discourage and infamye of this vnlordly enterpryse, and with a lowd voice made a vow, that this leawd fact should not long escape vnreuenged. The Lord Flemming like a Fox to the hoel, withdrew him to his hold, & our general came orderly, & without harm from this hatefull hazard & vnacustomed entertaynement of wars And being retired in safety & the matter wel disgested, a maruelous mormour and furious talke arose in our Campe among the whole multitude, and euery honest heart hated this haerbrayne & hasty disorder, harbored and hatched in ẏ bowels of a Crokadyll. And surely this powder made such a smodder & smoek, that sundry stowt stomacks were sturred to anger, & set on a very flame by the heat ther of. And one of the chæfe (& best credit next the general) stept out & declared, that it was a dishonour to suffer a Generall to so worthy a band (& in the seruice of so mighty a Prince) so vsed & deryded, and for that no such filthy fact should sleep in silence nor passe vnponished, he would leaue to the posteritie an example therof for euer. Wheron he earnestly desyred the Generalls lycence, that he might send an Harrold of Armes to the Lord Flemming, to know the cause of this vnwarlyke demenour, and further (qd he) it becommeth better myne estate (bicause I am now vnder this Generall) than the Generall himselfe, to try out this quarrell by combat and defiaunce of feyght. And more noble it was, that a gentilman Soldiour should stand in those questions, than a Generall, considering his calling and office. To the which offer & good perswasion, the Generall gaue this answere. I haue my dære frynd Syr Georg Care, great thanks to geue you in

Note.

you in this behalfe: Albeit for the greatnes of your minde my thankes is to small a recompence, but it standes me vpon to search owt theas matters to the vttermoest, and so I wold, wear not my Commission and charge as ye know otherwayes to be employed: yet sens your suet is so reasonable (and the hoel company and law of armes alows hit) I grant you your request, and thearin doo as best shall seem to your birth and estimacion. Syr George Cary (desirous of honour, and to see tretchery rebuked) straightwayes devised a letter to be sent owt of hande whyles thinges wear freshe in memory, and wrote such matter as he mynded to stand vnto what euer shold happen: the effect of wohes letter folows word by word, as the writtar him selfe dyue it owt and deliuered hyt to the Harrald in the presens of a nomber.

¶ The letter of syr George Cary.

LOrd Fleming, if eyther your byrth or bringing vp had wrought in you a noble mynd or estimacion of credite, hardly would you haue so much forgotten and stayned your Honour, as in a parley of late with our Generall you dyd. At whom vildly and vnhonorably shoeting you falced that assuraunce of warre, which soldiers submit themselues vnto: And trayned him to your treason vnder truste, a thing heretofore not accustomed, nor presently to be allowed of. He assuredly pretending your owne and your freends good, commoditie to your country, and quietnes to the state, I wyse abased and submitted hym selfe, commyng to confer with you thereof: But your pryd, ioyned with a harmeful meanyng, to those that you professe best vnto, and selfewilful vaine glory, without cause why, refused that whiche reason and honour commaunded you to haue done? Therefore because his calling is presently with

his charge better then yours, and myne not inferior. I ſommon you, reaſonably to excuſe that fault ſuppoſed to be yours, or els to mayntayne that trayterous acte with your perſon againſt myne in fyght when, where, or how you dare. Otherwyſe I wyll baſſull your good name ſounde wyth the trũpet your dishonour, & paint your pictor with the heeles vpward, & beate it in deſpite of your ſelfe. In the meane time I attend your anſwere. From Glaſco the xxii. of May. 1570.

Subſcribed, George Carey.

¶ *The copie of the Lord Flemings anſwer.*

GEorge Cary, I haue receiued your braineleſſe letter, making mention of my falſe & treaſonable dealing againſt your General in ſhooting vnder truſt, ſo vildly againſt my Hono: & truetl, trayterouſly trayned him vnder my truſt, which is altogether falſe & vntrew. And howbeit your Generall came by the howſe of Dunglas, by my appointment, which I ſuffered & I appointed one place of meeting, ſix men of eyther partie, which he refuſed, and he departed, and certen of his cõpanie came bragging by the riuer ſyde towardes the howſe, beawng the ſame, and the ground thereabouts, ſhooting your hargabous againſt the ſame, I could dw no les but preſent you with ſuch as I had. Whereas you write of your Generals calling to be preſently better then myne, and yours not inferiour, whẽ your General challengeth me therof, I ſhall geue anſwer: And as for you, I will not be inferiour to a better then you, or any ſoldiour vnder your Generals charge. Whereas you ſommon me, as you call it, reaſonably to excuſe that fault ſuppoſed to be myne owne, or els to mayntayne that trayterous acte with my perſon againſt yours: you ſhall wit, I haue Gentilmen of Hono: ſeruant ſoldier to me, as ye are to your Generall, which may be your fellowes, ſhall defend the ſame againſt you & your falce & vntrew inuented writing, & were not the charge I preſẽt, or how ſone I can be releued of the ſame, I ſhuld lowly my perſon, to mete you ſix engliſh myles fro a-

ny other

my other perſō. How be it ye be but one Soldier, aſſure your ſelf frō this day forth, I wil not receiue no ſuch vain inuented meſſage, for I haue littell to do with engliſh mē, ye may rayle vpon my honorable name as ye pleaſe. You ſhall haue as honorable gentilmen as your ſelfe againſt you feighting. Take this for aunſwere. *Iohn L. Fleming.*

LOrd Fleming oftē the Flemings after noon anſwers, ſmelleth more of wine then wit. But as to that cōmon cryme, the cuſtom of their coūtry yeldeth thē part of pardō: ſo your cōmon acquaintāce, with the ſame cōditiō known to be very great, ſhal to me ſomwhat exſcuſe your witles writing, wherin firſt you diſalow my right recital of your trayterous dealing, by terming it falſe & vntrew, for anſwer, know this, the truth my pen hath writtē, by the witnes of a nūber. And my hand I vow ſhall maintaire the ſame before the world at all times: but you in denyīg it, haue both falſeli & vniuſtli lied in your throt, & dare neither defēd nor diſproue, that in dedes, which in words you haue don. wheras you writ that our general paſſed Dunglas. By your appointmēt which you ſuffered. Therin you do manifeſtli ſay vnhonorabli & vntruly for that you had no knowlege of our firſt cōmīg, but ſaluted vs with your ſhot, & we likewiſe ſcirmeshed with your men, euen at their own ſtrēgth, vntil we vewed the groūd about at our pleaſure. And touching the appointment of ſix of eyther part, eaſly that may be known, to be a plaine lye, ſeing we had neyther parle nor cōference with you before, to appoint place or meting But wheras you ſay you could do no leſſe, but preſēt vs with ſuch as you had, therin you cōfeſſe, and acknowlege the diſhonor & treaſon that I charged you with al, taking vpon your ſelf that fault which I ſuppoſed to haue ben of your ser uāts, for our generall retired his cōpany far frō him. And his trūpet being with you, approched him ſelf alone to haue parled whē vnder truſt you diſcharged two Hargubuſſes againſt

him,an acte rather seemely for a cowardly traytour,then one that professeth to be a souldier, finally whereas you let me wit that you haue Gentlemen of honor,seruaunt souldiers to you that may be my felowes,which should defende the chalenge that toucheth so nere your selfe, as vvith honor you should not haue refused it. First I thinke skorne to be any wayes inferior to you, though but a souldier,to honorable a name for you beyng better in birth and vnstayned with reproche as you haue ben Secondly, I haue more and as good Gentlemen vnder my conducte, as you haue vnder your charge, whiche shall aunswere as many as you can bryng,yf with number ye meane to combat, and wyll put them to that which you dare not do your selfe. But assure you, my quarrel shal remayne euerlasting,except the proofe of your owne person agaynst myne may ende it,and when you shall dare,come out of your crowse nest, I wyl be redy to ryde an hundreth Skottish miles, to meete with you in any indifferent place,and vntyl that tyme I shal account you deuoyde of honestie,and honor vnworthy to marche vpon grounde or to keepe companie with men. From Hamelton the.29.of May. 1570.

Subscribed George Carey.

THogh many wayes were wrought by message and threatnings to moue the Lord Flemming to defend with battayl the faute and folly committed,yet he put on such a vizard of rebuke & shameles countenance that he faced out the matter, & shifted of the combat, by such silly sleights & sutteltie, that all the audience might wonder at the weaknes of his corage, & the enemies clapping them selues in sauegard, gaue an occasion to our men to loos no further tyme about remediles matters. For ther could nothing gro on this busines at that season, but cold & bare skyrmishes, neyther honorable nor worthy the tarri-

ing

eng for, as by tryall fell out afterwardes. Theas things ended and order taken for our retorn from Donbrittaine the Camp martched homewards, & cōming to Glasko wher our power reposed them selues a whiel, & either than or soen after they besieged Hammulton Castell & tooke hit, whearin there was the bishop of saynt Andros son, Lord Daui, son to to the Duke Shattilleroy, & sundry gentilmen of Scotland, and this castell subdued and blown vp was a terrour to the rest, that as yet our camp had not viseted, and for the more sien of victory the generall broght from this castell a dozen good bras peeces which now remain in Englād. Eatch thig randered and put vnder the commandement and plesure of our generall at Hammulton, from thens, the camp marched to many placis of importance, & ouerthrue housis and pallacis that belonged to any notorios enemie or falsefyer of promes & fidelitie. Amōg the rest was the Dueks house bornt a staetly and delicaet palace and three or foure myles about the saem, was ransaekt and spoyled with flaem and fier. A pyell called Netherrey, the Lord Seactons house was by the enimies fortifyed and yet the lady of the castell was glad to make humble peticion on her knees for the Generals fauor, and after her suet and submission, she kissed the keyes of the aforesayd seat, and deliured them from her, by which humility she found fauor at the Generals hand, cōdicionally that a Baron shuld be bound with her that this castel shuld euer heerafter be at the deuotion of the Queenes Maiestie our mestres, and so the band was maed and order taken. Another place called Commernawd, the Lord Flemmings cheef house was yelded vpon great suet maed to the generall who took the lyk bande and order thearfore as was taken of Netherrey, The Lady Liddingtō, great with child mistrusting her self (or her husbands double dealings towards our countrey) in great fear began to flee. But Syr VVilliam Drury

Battred And randered.

Chery.

hæring therof, sent her word he came not to make warres with women, but rather to sho pitie to the weake and comfortles, & thereupon she stayd & had no further harm, I haue kept this in stoer as a thing to be throwly consithered, wich is the comming to Litchoe, & the vsaeg therof don only for a speciall poynt of seueritie, & to terrefie ẏ stobborn stomacks & inconstantnes of proud people. The Generall hauyng entred the towne called for the Prouost, and commanded him to prepare with all expedition to receiue a iust plaege and correction thorowe the whole towne for treason, and vnpardonable offencis committed. And deeclaring that the inhabitantes thereof had suckored and supported traytors to our contrey contrary to the leags & quietnes of the realms of England and Skotland, and for that cawse he was fully resolued to ouerthroe that town and receptakul of traytors, and so commaunded eatch Captayn and souldiour what so euer they were vnder his charge to se due execution on that which he purposed, and takyng good regarde that the goods thereof shold not be possest by Englishe souldiours, nor lost or cast away by vehemencie of fyer, he wylled the prouost to appoynt a place conuenient to bring the sayd goods vnto, whiche might be employed to the Skottes mens vse and commoditie. And the Generall grauntid vppon his owne corttezy eury noble mans lodging and Captayns howse to be free from hornyng. The enemies all this season beholding a far of the suckses of theas matters. Thus as the day and owre approtched for this determined execution, caem the Earl Mortton as intercessor, to entreat and sue for pardon vf fauour might be porchased, and the Earll Mortton broght before the Generall a multitude of wayling people, whoes mourning and pitious cryes was perssing & importunaet. The Generall hæring thear requestes answered For many cawses the town oght to be destroyed, consythering

Prouision was made for the preseruation of sicke persõs, men, vvomen, and children.

ring holde diuers enemies (whoes prowd practises wear not to be suffree) had allwayes thear a common resort and conference, and further quod he the corrupcy that is shewed to such places of repaire haeth emboldned, the rest of Skotlande to vse open violence and secret villanies to the preiudice of Gods glory, hinderance of the weall publik and breach of good lawes and pollecies. Wherfore sayd he to the warnyng of tholwsands, and example of many, hit was fytt & moest meet (in that cace of extremitie) to race out such monumentes of mischiefes: and harbor of wicked conspiracies, and especially that towne hauyng crakked credit in a bloody action before, deserued now doble affliction. Well yet notwithstanding for all theas earnest and threatnyng wordes of Syr William Drury, the people of all sortes so preased about hym, and maed sutche pytefull cryes and noyes (with childzen lyeng on the ground sukking of theyr mothers breastes,) that he was inwardly moued to rue on thear wretched estaet, and albeit in sundry seruesis before diuers Skots men had naghtelly discharged certayne shott at him (paraduenture by the practies of som thear in presence) yet was he content vppon sutch condicions as he thoght good to receiue the towne of Lithco to mercie, And ordayned by suer bande and promes that the prouoest and chefest of gouerment thear shuld followe the camp, and att all tymes apear when they wear called for at Barwyk, and thear to submit them selues their towne and goodes to the clemencie of the Quenes byghnes, or sutch order as my Lord of Sussex by her consent thoght necessary, to which bands and condicions they of Lithco agreed, for that thear regent was slayn and noen than instituted (to whom they had geuen fayth of alleagance) they cõfessed that noen might commaund them any way without licence of him that bound them in this seruitude to whom boeth thear promes

and obligation was passed, and at this day as by their appearances hath ben proued they are not discharged of this homage and duety, to knit vp theas matters (and reuenge som iniuries ỹ Duke Chattilleroy had offered) A howse, of the Dukes howse in Lytho, was blowen in the ayre with powlder. Hitherto ought in obedience as you haue hard vnto some other parts of importance they marched, and casting the worst of mischarses that might fortune (considering heir small number, and the great practises were gon about to supplant their doynges,) they thoght not good to enter Edenbroeghe without standing so sure on their garde that they nedeo not to doubt any double or crooked measure, Which sure handlyng of the matter dyd not onely shew the deuises thereof to haue good conduyt and experience: but in deede also esebewed an inconuenience, as yll as a mischef. For the enemies had surely by fraud and conning wrought sutch a feat (thorowe the deuice of a fray to be maed in the suburbes) that a great murther had burst out sodaynly, and no small bloodshed had ben set a brotch by the saem, yf God and good gyding of the people had not auoyded these harms, and eminent danger, And to be playne som inward motion moued the Generall so suspitiously, that he sent to the gates at their first arriuall and there prouented the porposed conspiracie, and no soonner entryng the towne, but our whole power kept them selues in order to clær the strætes and commaund the inhabitantes the better, So consuming the nyght they stood on their garde as the care required. And when the morning was come Syr William Drury, (smelling out a pad in the straw, a fowl flaem couertly hidden) demaunded iustice, and strayt ponishment for sutch thyngs as he would truely lay to the chargis of some of the townes men, and told them yf remedy were not soen prouided, and satisfaction maed for the follies and outrageg committed, he would

Homage. A noet of a iorney to Kenell.

Sir Thomas Manners & two nombers vnder oen Ascent Of footmen was sent before to stay the gates.

would be quickly reuenged to the displeasuer and shaem of all the mainteyners of this mad and mischeuous presumsion, after which words & whan thyngs wear wayed to the weyght of the cawse, the towne deliuered the Generall certayne malefactours to be executed and ordred by his discretion, he seyng their submission, mercyfully and frankly sent them away to their Captaynes, and so these broylls were pacifyed and brought to a better fraem and vniformitie. Nowe heer is somwhat to be spoken of in the happy suckses of this littell bande, yf therin the disdaynfull misconstrued not my meanyng, and wresting troeth to flattery (by consayt of enuious glorious myndes) myght murmur at the dertue and valor of thoes who this matter toucheth, Wherfore I commit the iudgement of this iourney to sutch as haeth ben or would be in the lyke hazarde and seruice, yet mynde I not to leaue owt any poynt or peece that may redownd to these souldiours renowme and estimacion, becawse I would haue their prayeses equally distributed amōg the fauourers of dertue and deseruers of good fortuen, I haue a little sern and somwhat red, but seldome hard and known a companie so vnited and knit together, so obedient to discipline of warre, and so peasable in all respectes and purposes, yea suerly bit is to be proued that som of good byrth and calling refused no seruisable labour and toyll yf the Generall but onely maed a baer syen or showe of his determinaet minde, And throw owt ỹ camp with a mutual loue and inclinacion, they seemd to bear a general burthen, as enery member theer had ben a naturall framed instrument to the vse of one body, And to foster and norishe this crue of men in the marshall arte and rules of warre was theer prescribed good and quiet orders, and a proclamacion made that no man should take any thing by violence nor without pleasyng the people for the same. And further, if a-

ny found him self greeued, he was cōmaūded to repayre for redres to the Generall and his officers: whose care and studdy was always redy to minister iustice, as thear whole doinges declared, and namely at Lytheoe & Glaskoe, whear two English souldiours weare seueraly ponyshed: The one in deed by intercession of the Lordes and Gentilmen, was saued from hangyng, and the other was whypped, as the merites of the man dyd require. Nowe hauing shewed you the manner and order of this campe, and touched lightly in breefe the substance of such matter as I think worthy ẏ penning, I wyl shew you of their martching homwards. When they had rested a whyle in Edenborogh, they went towardes Seatton, the Lorde Seattons cheefe house, where the Lady of that soyle in lyke sorte (as before is mencioned) presented the keyes of that place to the Generall, who made not onely a redelyuerie thereof, but also gaue the Lady the howse and all that belonged thereunto, to her great contentation and his no little good report. A iorney after this was taken in hande to Anderweeke, with intent to ouerthrowe the same also, yet on the suet and bondes of diuers Gentilmen, the place was spared from spoyle and ponishment, and the offenders receyued to remission. And than as occasion sought to fynishe their trauayle, they drue neere the borders of Englande, spending about these things but xxiiii. dayes at the vttermost, a iorney to be noted, and worthy to be registred in perpetuall memorie. Here may you beholde what a wyllyng and valiant companie may do in little tyme, and what ouerthrowes and plagues are sent by Gods prouision, to such as breaketh the boundes of blessed orders, and forgettes the duetie to common wealthes and christianitie. Thus in simple proes I haue drawen out this seruice not myndyng therewith to eleuate or poeffe vp with ouerweening the myndes of any one person that this

Two fawlters punished.

this geueth commendation vnto, nor meaning to disgrace no enimie, for that season agaynst whom this iorney was made. But this is written only to set foorth truely and playnely the actes and affayres of our tyme, that such as list to argue and reason thereof, shall be the better instructed of euery doubt or certaintie belonging to such a disputation. So fare you well.

FINIS.

Syr Symon Burleis Tragedie,

who liued in the xi. yeer of King Richard the ſecond. Loke Frozard the laſt part. Fo. 108.

AM I of blud, or yet of byrth ſo baſe,
O Baldwin now, that thou forgetſt my name
Or doth thy pen, want cunning for that caſe,
Or is thy ſkill, or ſenſis fawlen lame,
Or doſt thou feare, to blaſe abrode my fame:
O ſhow ſume cauſe, wherfore I ſit in ſhade,
And why is thus, my Tragedy vnmade.
Who thinkes great ſkorne, in ſilence ſtill to ſleepe,
And one whoſe fall, a world may waile and weepe

Did Bocace liue, or Lidgate wright again,
Same hope were left, my lantern ſhuld haue light
If any one, that had a Poettes vayne.
Knew halfe my life, or had my cace in ſight,
In collors fyne, I ſhould be painted right.
But gaping graue, and gnawing wormes below,
Snapt Bocace vp, and Lidgate long ago
And Poettes ſleepe. within Parnaſſus mount,
Wher lo of me, they make but ſmale accounte.

O Bawldwin yet, what blot was in my brow,
That made the bluſh, or feare to writ my fall:
With what offēce, can world cum charge me now
That I may not, for Baldwins fauour call.
Yea durſt I claime, the helpe of Poettes all,
I dought their ſkill, could ſkarcely ſhow in deede,
In this behalfe, the cunning that doth nede.
Well Baldwin well, if hedeles men might chide,
I know what check, & blame ſhuld Baldwin bide.

Yoits

How couldst thou reade, in sorrowes any while,
And so skip ouer, my life and destiney straunge:
Thou knowst, how hap, one me full long did smile.
And that my state, stood free from dout of chaunge,
I spronge not forth, of such a simple graunge:
That I should dwell, in dust from mynde of men,
Whilst others are, set out by arte of pen.
Thou dost me wrong, wherfore the wound to hele
(That sloth hath made,) To Churchyard I appele

Let him be iudge, of all my doinges throw,
Let him vnfould, my fortune swete or sower:
Yea vnto him, I tell my sorowes now.
Whose restles hande, is writing euery howr,
And so I leaue, the Baldwin in thy bower.
Of lawrell leaues, where thou maist sit and see,
At open vew, what Churchyard writes of me.
But erre he takes, in hand this worke of myne:
I tell my tale, with weping blubbring eyen.

Syr Simon Burley com plaines to him that knows what sorow meanes.

Geue eare good frind and here what I shall say,
And for the while, set all affaires aside:
But suer I feare, to short I finde the day.
To show my grefe, that hardely can I bide,
Yet throw I go, and hope with happy tide.
Though hayles wind hath blowē my barke about,
And danngers deepe, did driue my dayes in dout.
Since calme is cum, and quiet ease I haue:
Heare his complaint ỳ late crept out of graue.

Noet.

How

Syr Symon Burley.

Though dead men speak not there is a meane to vtter griefes by degrees.

How should I speake, that houlds my head in hand
(Which seeles skalpe, both life & speach hath lost)
Yet out of brest, though heedles here I stand.
I may blase forth, ỳ greues of groning goste:
As from the seas, that is with torments toste.
Coms rozing noyes, when calmes ful quiet are:
So breath I out, from brest my broyling care.
Though head be of, a smoking fume procedes,
From quaking neck, & gushing vaines that bledes.

Heare him I say, whose bowels speakes alone,
And wants in dede, both vse of tunge and wit:
Heare him that must, by arte cum make his mone.
And lackes therfore, the members mete and fit,
Heare him that grones, & howles from hollow pit.
Here him whose voice, doth giue a fearfull sownd,
Heare him that long, lay rotten in the ground.
Here him whose plaunte, may pearse ỳ lofty skyes,
And for thy ayde, and englith versus cryes.

No freindes nor birth can bere of mischaunce

As naked suer, as he was lapte in shete,
With deadly lokes, and gristly staring hare:
Not like a man, but like a monstrus spryte.
Sent from the pit, to whisper in thyne eare,
And make the muse, of world an other where.
For here as tyme, doth softly scale away,
So life and lande, and all thinges doth decay.
No birth nor blud, nor flocks of frends prevayles,
Wher sturdy storms, strikes down our stately sails

The

The ship must sway, aside or sinck in seas,
That shaken is, with shocking surges still:
The greenest gras, ỳ growes in goodliest leas.
To parching heat, must yeld by reasõs skil,
What stone can stay, ỳ rowlith down ỳ hil.
What sote can stand, ỳ fortune dayly trips, whips.
What living wight, can skape her skorging
So soner out of shell or mothers lap:
But subiect straight to sorow and mishap.

A man dayly assaulted with sorows, yeldes of force to distruction.

The life ỳ sume, most swetly do embrace,
To troubled teares, doth turn or we be ware
We are in loue, with fond Narcissus face.
And drownd our selues, in ỳ wherõ we stare
And fede the flesh, so long with daintie fare.
That belly swelles, or stomack belcheth vp,
The licor sweet, ỳ came from spiced cup.
One daies disgrace, doth breede an endles sore:
And payse us same, for all thinges past before.

One plage ouerthrows many pleasures.

Yet climing vp the tree of tickell trust,
We streache the arme, as far as reach may go:
Disguisd with pompe, and pampred vp with lust.
We gase aloft and never lokes belo,
Till hatchet cumes, and gines the fawling blo.
Then crack it cryes, and all in shiuers flyes,
That many a day, was mounting to the skyes.
One stroke throws downe, a thousand bowes withall,
And such as clyme, are crusht by sodayne fall.

Till the falling blow be geuen, the tree on triumph standeth.

Was

Was I not one, that in toppe Galland stode
And bare great sway, wͭ him ẏ ruld ẏ roste:
Was not my house, sprong out of gētel blud
And was not I, long time in fauor most:
Yes sure I was, and therof make I boste.
At skole broght vp, wͭ prince of pereles race
A playfære long, with him in euery place.
My childhode wan, such loue & liking great,
That in mine age, I sat in Senate seate.

Syr Simon brought vp at skole vvith the price of vvales & Acquitaine.

Was not my sier, about a king estemde,
And highly plast (wherbi he purchast praise)
And nere the king, in fauour as it semde.
Yea mutch made of, ful lōg before my daies
Was not I sent, Embaster sundry wayes.
And did not I, my dewtie euery hower,
With paine & purce, as far as stretcht my power.
The world wel knows, what seruice I haue done,
And by the same, what honor I haue wonne.

Into Galatia to cāduct Don Petro king of Castill. Syr Simon vvas sent as one of chefeest for that purpose.

My manhode made, mine enemyes fly like shepe,
(Before the Wolfe that watcheth for his pray)
My wisdom did, in peace the commons kepe.
Whē Iohn of Gaunt, they wold haue made away,
My presence oft, could quiet many a fray.
My councel coeld, the rage of retchles heades.
My stoutnes sarud, the state in sundry steades.
My noble mynd, could neuer take no rest,
For publike wealth, I had such burning brest.

He appeased an vprore in the citie of London.

In Poiteou long, agenſt the French I was,
Where frontier warre, I hild and did full well:
And as I did throw many a perell paſſe:
At comming home, in enemyes hands I fell,
And when in dede, my prince therof hard tell.
He ſory was, and ſpake of me much good,
But as theſe thinges in weight e ballaunce ſtood:
Our Souldiers toke, a Duches of great faine,
Who at that tyme, of Burbon bare the name.

He wan victory in a valiant fight, & yet comming home vvas taken priſoner.

The Souldiors ſwore, that ſhe ſhuld neare be free,
(Nor ſee her Dune, nor fynde a ſparke of grace
Nor loke for hope) till ſhe had raunſomd me.
And ſet me ſafe, in good and quiet cace:
Lo what regard they had, in euery place.
Of me theſe dayes, lo how I was on height,
Lo how I was, employd in thinges of weight.
At home embraſt, abrode wel likt with all,
Yea lou'd and fear'd, among both great and ſmall.

The Duches of Burbon priſoner & did raunſom ſyr Symon Burley.

When forraene frinds, did ſend for ſuccor here,
King Richard baed, me aunſwer make therin:
In preſence then, there ſtode a greater pere.
But I was he, that did the fauor win:
To ſpeake and thus, me creadit did begin.
And ſtill increace, as one whoſe lampe in dede,
Cowld want no oyle, the blaſe and flame to fede.
My Candell blaſde, ſo clere, as ſtar by night:
And where I came, the torche gaue littil light.

One Paſkall vvas ſent from the king of Nauar hether for ſuccor, & king Richard made Syr Simon anſvvere the Embaſdor, therle of Saliſbury & other in preſence.

And

King Richard sent him to conclude a mariage & the duke of Tallon was sent hether with Syr Simon from the King of Beam and Almaine about this matter.

And when the king, for causes good & great,
Deuise to match with one beyond the seas:
Twas I was thoght, most fit to work ỳ feat
And in this case, the king I did so please.
Of marriage ther, ỳ knot was knit w̄ ease,
And so frō theuce, a Duke was set with me:
For this behalf, the state of thinges to see.
Thus stil I was emploid in great affaires,
As hap her self, had laid me vp her staires.

He was lord Chamberlayne.

An office here, I had of great renowne,
A place nere prince, and stil in court to be:
That might cōmaund, the people vp & down
And thrust thē out, or cal them in to me.
Bad I the run, one flocks then wold they fle
Bad I them stand, in dede they durst not sit:
I swayd them all, as horse is ruld by bit.
I bare in hand, the stake ỳ kept the sturr:
And knokt their pates, ỳ prest to neer ỳ dur.

VVher fortune smiles, the world fawnes.

Lord warden loe, of ỳ sinck parts I was,
And captaine both, of Douer Castel tho:
Thrōw lordly roumes, & places I did passe,
As easely sure, as man can wish to go.
I knew no ebbe, my tide did dayly flo:
I kept the trayne, I had ỳ liuely trope,
I held vp head, I neuer thought to drope.
I went no where, but I was wayted on,
And shone in pompe, like perle or precious stone.

Among

Amonge the chiefe, yea chiefeſt was I holde
By Prince preferde, meſo for vertues ſake
And what he ſawe, I able was to welde
I had, for which, I ſeldome ſute did make
I ſtoode beneath, whilſt he did appulls ſhake
Into my lap, when leſt I lokt therefore
As ſomewhat came, ſo daily followed more
By heapes as though, great mounts of maſſie gould,
In my moſt neede, ſhould aunſweare what I would.

Fauour giues more preferments than mé can honeſtlye craue.

The floods of wealth, that doth refreſh the minde
With gladſome thoughts, of threefold ſweete delight
Came guſhing in, againſt both tide and winde
On which faire baites, eche fiſhe deſires to bite
A careleſſe eye, I caſt, of worlds diſpight
That ſpurnes at ſuch, that fortune likes aloft
A wicked worme, that waites on worſhip oft
A ſwarme of waſps, that bleth nought but ſtinge
On thoſe that ries, and rules about a kinge.

Wealthe glads the greedie minde.

O bateful flyes, ye hatcht of wretched brode
On eurye diſhe, in haſte ye blow and bumme
O cankred men, of vile and noughtie mode
You do infeckt, all places where you cumme
You make ſmall ſhoe, yet ſounde as ſhrill as drumme
In peoples eares, and ſtill your poiſon reſtes
On noble mindes, and tender harmeles breſtes
Ye mallice much, the hie and mightie ſort
To kill good name, by bruite of falſe report.

Spitefull people are hateful flies.

The vvorld rather doth vvõder at the vvel doings of many that deuise to get glory by vertue.

If poore men rise, in fauour any way
The ritche repines, to see howe they are plaest
As hounds do barke, that houlds the Bucke at bay
The people prate, and spende much speache in waest
Looke saith the lewde, on newe start vp in haest
Looke who rules now, loke what this man hath founde
Looke how in lappe, doth Fortunes ball rebounde
They looke not how, to clime for vertues sake
But how of world, they may a wonder make.

Poore & riche haue loftie minds & poute and svvel at other mẽs good fortunes.

So loftie minds, with lothsome lowring lookes
Saluts the good, that growes in Princes grace
And watcheth close, in corners and in nookes
How they by wiles, the worthy may deface
No marueile sure, it is a common case
To heare them snarre, whose natures are not like
What Greiund can rest, by currish countrie tike?
What Hawke can sit, in peace for carraine crow?
What tongue can scape, the skolding of a shrow.

Disdaine amõg al sorts of people and creatures.

The dolt disdaines, the deepe wise man ye wot
The blunt abhorrs, the quicke sharpe witte in deede
The coward hates, the hande that conquest got
The Iade will wince, to stande by storing steede
The glotten groats, to see the hongrie feede
Thus thinges from kinde, so farre can neare agree
No more then can, the catte and dogge you see
As choise is greate, of wealth and worldly goods
Men differ much, in maners and in moods.

One

One Jewell staines, an other very farre
And strife there is, in mettalls grosse and fine
And sondrye lucks, belongs to euery starre
And Planets to, they saye that can deuine
One race and bloud, do seldome drawe one line
A graine of grudge, is sowne so deepely heare
That nothing scarce, can scape from mallice cleare
Thus mallice makes, a murmure where it goes
And strikes out right, yet giues but secret blowes.

Strife there is in mettalls, stones, flowers, and Planets.

The greedie gnat, and prinie eating mothe
A monster small, that skarce is felt or seene
Lies lurking still, in plaits of finest clothe
And little wormes, whilst nutts are freshe and greene
Crepes in and eates, the kirnell as I weene
So vnto them, compare these peuishe pates
That on small cause, do enuie great estates
Yea enuie oft, is couchte and clokt as cleane
In mightie folke, as found amonge the meane.

Disdainfull heads are mischeuous moths that eate vp good clothes.

The flashing flames, that from great fornayes flyes
Casles forth such heate, as fewe men can abide
The rage whereof, doth dimme the daintie eyes
And breedes great griefe, before the harme be spide
Much mischiefe coms, by pranks of powting pride
Which puffes and blowes, as it woulde mountaines moue
And growes at first, on nought but lacke of loue
Whose spitefull sparks, doth spare no speach nor time
(Nor practize leude) to plucke them downe that clime.

Mightye mens mallice comparde to flashing flames.

Enuie is a mon ster amóg me.

This enuie is, a mightie monster greate
That swims like Whale, amonge the litle frie
Whose gaping mouth, would soone consume and eate
The Gogions small, that in small corners lye
His thirstie throte, would drincke all places dry
And sucks vp all, and so of all leaues nought
Which should serue all, if all did bere one thought
O hungrie fye, that would be all in all
And maggots brings, when men for feeding call.

With drosse & grauell greate flouds be chok-ked vp.

As greatest flouds, most grauell do retaine
And strongest tides, runnes oer the weakest walles
So hiest states, do nourrishe most disdaine
And at rebounde, striks out the tennis balles
Yea they who thinckes them furthest of from falles
Are watching still, in Court, in field or towne
Like stombling stockes, to trip their fellowes downe
And none do striue, and struggle for the gooles
But such as haue, their harts most full of hooles.

Dissemblers the deuils dere darlinges the onely woorkers of wickednes.

Yea heapes of them, are harbred here and theare
In golden haules, that shines like Phebus bright
Where flattrers flocke, who tattles in the eare
A thousand lyes, that neuer coms to light
They worke the waxe, with fire both day and night
They spin the webbe, that takes the foolishe flie
They baite the hoke, that bleres the simple eye
They shoue them out, that should be called in
They make the match, that doth the wager win.

And

And they breede strife, where all in quiet stode
They packe the cards, and playe most filthy pranckes
They sharpe the sworde, that shedes the guiltes bloud
Thy leest deserue, and alwayes gets most thankes
They feede the streame, that breakes the mightie bankes
They are the sheares, that marrs they garment quite
They haue the tongues, that spares no speach nor spite
They are the babes, still dandled on the knee
And those are they, that rottes the soundest tree.

Strife onelye is sowed by soysting sellowes that followes fortune and playes on aduauntage.

If fawners fled, the house of mightie men
And mightie folke, would frowne on fawning currs
Deceit should shonne, the noble houses then
And veluet weedes, should shake of cleuing burrs
But stoying stedes, are pickt that needs no spurrs
Thus palfry flings, and flounceth out of frame
That els of kinde, were curteous meeke and tame
A iomblinge iobb, doth strike the bowle awrye
Which of himselfe, would close on bias lye.

The giuinge coũtenance to fawners enfects with their dissimulation, the hartes of noble men.

For noble bloud, must needs haue noble minde
And flie the gate, of fawcon gentle milde
And sure it is, against their noble kinde
To play the Kite, and cruell Coistrel wilde
Till tatlers come, with tongues full finely filde
And chaũge their modes, and marre their maners cleane
They skarce do know, what cankred hate doth meane
But when from best, to worst the good are wrought
By busy braines, all sortes of sleightes are sought.

Noblenes abused with busy bablers.

Noblenes is noble of it selfe.

Hatred hales men to vnhappie dealings.

Then burnes the breste, as hot as Eathna hill
And rage beres rule, where reason dwelt before
The hastie heade, is swift to slay and kill
The hautie hart, hurds vp much hate in store
The altred minde, doth make the mischiefe more
The kindled coles, doth crepe in straw so farre
That quarrels rise, and peace is turnde to warre
One haleth backe, an other drawes aside
And weakest bones, must needes the brunt abide.

Not one maye be aduanced but either rich or powrer enuieth.

As I aspierd, by vertue and desarte
And was by Prince, cald vnto credite still
So some by sleight, did seeke to sucke my harte
And of my bloud, did thrist to drincke their fill
They sought to stoppe, the water from the mill
And turne the wheele, and all the ioynts awrye
Lo heare how close, the swelling Serpents lye
Loe how they caste, their venom as they maye
And marke what hate, they gaine that beareth sway

Therle of Oxforde called duke of Irelād fauored much sr. Simon.

For that I grew, full great with Robert Vear
A noble man, full wise and mightie both
And had the guide, of good Prince Edwards heat
To show therein, my dutie faith and trothe
Great mallice rose, as grudginge daily grothe
Twene many men that cannot rule their rage
A mightie duke, there was well stept in age
That sought to reape, the corne that I had sowne
And could not rest, till I was quite orethrowne.

My

My roulmes and rule, and things that I had goet
My gaine my wealth, and glozz as it grue
Was in his eye, so bigge a mightie moet
That loe this Duke, my plague did still pursue
With open mouth, he so the bellowes blue
That sparkes of fier, as thicke flew in my face
As in the Sunne, the gnatts do flie at chace
Or as the balle, rebounds at euery stroke
So loe his wozds, did smoze me vp in smoke.

His office and dignitie made mi: htie men dispise him.

This dzeadfull Duke, did dziue a wondzous dzift
To wozke his will, with slipper sleight of hande
And sought to giue, king Richards frends a lift
Foz whom he did, prepare a secrete bande
Whose bolde attempts did trouble all this lande
But few could finde, the darnell in the cozne
Or iudge aright, the Roes from pzicking thozne
So close in clowde, was clokte their cunning arte
That none could know, who plaide the Foxes parte.

The band that the duke made against the king The Duke of Yorke, thearle of Salisburye, therle of Arũdell, therle of Northumberland, therle of Nottingham & tharchbishop of Canterburye.

This Duke did raise, a bzuste the king would haue
A taxe most straunge, of all the realme thzowe out
And to the Lozds, and commons councell gaue
Against the king, to stand both stiffe and stout
This pzactise pzoude, was patcht with many a clout
Here did the Wolfe, leade silly lammes amis
(And sucke their bloud) as woluishe maner is
Here traytrous tricks, and trebell trothles traynes
In subiects bzestes, began to spzede thezr vaines.

A noble of eurie fier in England vvas the taxe that the noughtie duke said the kinge did demaunde.

The Duke of Yorke, and diuers noble peers
Forsoke the king, and held with this vprore
By which great strife, was sowne in sondry theres
And corsies rose, that made a running sore
Bigge biles brust out, where flesh was sounde before
And though some time, the Surgeon salue did finde
To heale the wound, (the skarre remaind behinde)
A common plague, doth creepe alonge the realme
As skulls of fishe, swimmes vp and downe the streame.

The Duke caused all the greate townes of England to exclaime on the king and his councell.

The greatest townes, and Cities of most name
As London, Yorke, and many mo beside
These Dukes did draw, with folly out of frame
And made some striue, against both streame and tide
Where bankes be brooke, the water cannot bide
Where floods flee out, the fishe do follow fast
And than to late, to call againe is past
The Swallow flies, no swifter vnder winge
Then mens deuice, that do forsake a kinge.

Where faith is broken all abuses enters & falles to fonde attemptes.

For faith once stainde, seekes straight for starting holes
As prisners doe, that hath their promise broke
The seames once ript, of shue farewell the soles
The Ore set free, will seeke to shonne the Yoke
The chimney bruste, the house is full of smoke
The sleuce drawen vppe, downe driues the dregs and all
The strongest tripe, the weakest needs must fall
There is no stay, to hold meane people in
When might with maine, the mischiefe doth begin.

The

The Lords alledgd, the king was gouerd still
By such as came, from base and poore estate
And sayd he should, no longer haue his will
By which bould speache, there grew so great debate
The lande was bent, on murther rupne and hate
Now seuerall wayes, from hiue flew out the bees
Now tempests came, and tare vp mightie trees
Now traitours flocke, and fell to sackshions straunge
Whose sickill mynds, still gaped for a chaunge.

A lordly rebellion and a rebels presumption to their Prince.

O vipars brode, and blody bosome snakes
O Butchers curres, that would your maister byte
O helhoundes rude, of Plutos lotheſum lakes
O cursed crew, more crewell then the Kyte
O kankred hartes, so fraught with froward spite
O Tigers wilde, O monstrous men most vyle
Where was your loue, and dewtie all this whyle
How durst you speake, so stoutly to his face
To whom of right, the stoutest ought giue place.

A rebuke for rebels.

Among brute bestes, that sauage ar and wilde
The Lion raignes, and rules with regall powre
And so great birdes, stoupes downe like littill childe
(To fathers beck) if Eagle doth but lowre
Than to a king, dare people loke so sowre
That they will force, their suffraine paste their reatche
No scoller ought, his learned tewtor teache
No member dare, presume, to rule the hed
None raignes and rules, but kynges when all is sed.

Among beasts the Lion is obeyd. Among birdes the Egle Among fishe the Dolphyn. And amõg the smalest Bees a great Bee is their king.

Note

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Note

Marke vvhat mischief they come vnto that strive against the streame.

Note how they shincke, that shapes to give a shocke
Against a king, and marke how traitors spede
Note how their heades, do tumble of the block
That with vaine hope, do peoples humors fede
And note from whence, doth Princes powre procede
And note withall, how farre doth stretche his fame
And faulters quake, that do but heere his name
For at the bruntc, saye here a king doth cumme
Home runne poore knaues, & down they fling ẏ drumme.

The Londiners being then evil disposed to their king, desired Thomas of VVodstock to take the charge of the citie vpō him.

Harke howe this Duke, whereof I spake before
By three estates, vnto a coumpt did call
Their king and Lorde, whose minde they troubled sore
And verye thereby, his frendes and faures all
They fill in lashe, they felt the bluddy brale
They lost their goodes, they got a great disgrace
They fled the courte, they were pursewd in chace
They were full faine, for none offence or cawes
At open barre, to plede their cace by lawes.

Those that stode vvith right received most vvrong and traytors tormented the trevve mē that leste offended.

Suche are the happes, of those that bould with right
Suche cureles woundes, they haue that sores wold heale
Suche hate they heape, in bucksters handes that light
Suche harmes they finde, that standes with cōmon weale
And such know not, to whom they should appeale
When wrong will rule, and revell faules to spoyle
The faithfull flocke, are forste to feele the foyle
Dreve driues desartes, that daylie well hath dunne
To flie from foes, or els throw fier to runne.

Becaus

Because these Lordes, who lookte to lede the daunce
Saw other slep, one stage ere they could ryse
Byplayne fine force, they would them selues aduaunce
And for that feate, this dyfte they did deuise
Desier of fame, doth so abuse the wise
They ende like fooles, that erste began full well
And sonest smarte, that ringes the larom bell
For wheles and all, faules downe about their eares
From rotten frames, who first stode voide of feares.

The Duke of Gloceſter and Duke of Yorke with others maligned those the king fauored.

Note.

Rebels alvvays beres the blovves.

But we who were, besigd by fortune so
Betraied I meane, if trothe may tell the tale
Were skorgd and plagd, and faine to fawne one foe
And sew to such, as set our liues to sale
We were shut vp, they had the bounsing gale
That blew their barke, beyonde our compasse cleane
With sailes aflaunte, and had no mery meane
They clapt on all, and wente throw streme and flud
When trew mens fete, stode faste in mier and mud.

King Richards beſt frindes vvere by traytors frovvardly handled.

I was the man, that moste of mischief had
I was accusde, and cald to counte in haste
I founde moste cause to sighe and sit full sad
I was laide vp, and thereby clene disgraste
Myn enmies said, I did the treasure waste
And held in hand, the Souldiours money to
I was so nipt, I knew not what to do
My frindes wert fainte, or ferd the like mischaunce
But I was he, must leade the dolefull daunce.

Amitred

The Bishop of Canterbury accursed him of sacrilege and conveying money over the Sea by night to the king of Beame

A mitred head, a Bishop bolde and braue
Said I conuicte, away Saint Thomas shrine
And that I mente, the king of Beame should haue
The same from me, by priuy practise fyne
To hoiste me vp, he laid both hooke and fyne
And so by frindes, he framd so flat a feate
That I was cald, to strait accounte in heate
For this and more, a libell long and large
(Of forgid faultes) that he laide to my charge.

No clarke might come, to make my reckning right
No tale could serue, to show my matter throw
No depe discource, could bring the trothe to light
No man of law, could canues cases now
Strong hande did all, I must both bende and bow
The king knewe not, of halfe the wrongs I felte
Nor none could finde, how finely cardes were delte
A pack was made, and one had got the ace
Note. And trimly robd, the trumps before my face.

No boote to bid, the players deale agayne
The game was won, and I had lost the stake
These forsters fyen, could nick both by and maine
And kog out right, when they the dice did shake
And of swete spoyle, a bitter banquet make
They cald me in, and I the only geste
Was bidden then, vnto this bluddy feeste
I was compeld, to taest what dishe they wolde
And in great heete, to drinke vp poison colde.

I meane

I meane my fate, and fortune was so harde
I could not scape, their handes that sought my life
Who wreackt their wrath, on me without regarde
Yet long in sheath, they kept the murthering knife
For on my hap, at first rose all this strife
And on the frinds, that I by hap had wonne
This end I had, and mischief was begonne
For taking parte, with such as likt me well
To ground full flat, from top of tree I fell.

When in the tower, my foes had clapt me faste
Few frendes I founde, the world began to winke
And so at length, in rerage was I caste
And poste alone, was lefte to swym or sinke
And iudgement was, as I was forste to thinke
That I should paie, twoo hundrith thousand frankes
For all my toile, lo here is all my thankes
I did posses, my chargis and my losse
And paines abrode, came home by weping crosse.

And wanting wealth, to paie this heauy summe
With billes and glaiues, from prison was I led
And so vnto, the Towre hill did I cumme
To suffer death, where sone I loste my hed
The king knew naught, of this til I was ded
Loo people here, how thinges about were brought
And what disdaine, and mightie mallice wrought
Lo here his ende, and sodaine sliding downe
That was both true, to God and to the crowne.

As lie-

As littill twigges, oer toppes of houses grow
Whose braunches big, spredes out a mightie tree
Or as smale brokes, with seas do swell and flowe
Yet hath no powre, to passe their boundes you see
Or as faire flowers, that in gay gardins bee
Sprouts out awhile, and when they are at heighte
They fade and fall, and then declineth streight
So man doth mounte, awhyle on stages hie
And at the beste, shottes downe like starre from skie.

When thinges are growen, as farre as course is set
And haue attaind, the fulnes of their state
They backewarde come, and can no further get
For cleane expierd, ye see is then their date
The life we beare, of force must yeld to fate
The steppes we trede, weares out by track of tyme
When ladder brekes, we can no higher clyme
Where Fortune sittes, so faste, doth grynde the mill
The whele turns rounde, and neuer standeth still.

Long is the toile, or man to triumphe cummes
Large is the plot, where we our pagantes play
Swete is the sap, and sower are all the plummes
That paine pluckes of, the pleasane planted spray
Shorte is the tyme, of all our glorie gaye
Vaine is the hope, of hazardes here in earth
Great are the greues, of life from day of bearth
No suerty growes, of all is here possesse
All comes to naught, when people feareth lesse.

Loo

Loo what it is, to ſtande on tickell ſtayes
Where hatred beaues, the houſholde out of ſquare
And when it faules, the iopntes flie ſeuerall wayes
And iopfull weights, are cled with wo and care
The ſeruauntes howle, the wyfe and childe is bare
The frends wring hands, the foes do laugh and flyer
Suche chaunges chaunce, to thoſe that do aſpyre
The grounde but gaps, who firſt ſhall faule therein
And who ſekes moſte, at length the leſte may wyn.

Loo Churchyarde now, my mirthles tale is tould
A mourning verſe, prepare thou ſtraight for me
And in thy ryme, ſome ſtately order hould
For that I ſprong not out of baſe degree
Let euery lyne, a liuely ſentence bee
To wake the wittes, of ſuch as world would knoe
And liſte to marke, how worldly matters goe
And when thou comſte, to touch the gauled back
Leape oer the horſe, or vſe a ryders knack.

Bear euen hande, and holde the bridell right
Yet whiſke the wande, ſometimes for pleaſures ſake
Yea ſpice thy ſpeache, and tearmes with trifels light
That lokers on, may not thy mynde miſtake
When ſtore is gone, yet do thy budget ſhake
Among the beſt, and feede their fanſies ſtill
No matter though, a mouſe crepe out of hill
Smale toyes may breede, great ſporte in great eſtates
And in great groundes, men walke throw littill gates.

Do wi-

Sir Simon Burley.

Do wisely warne, and warely vse thy pen
Speake Englishe plaine, and roue about the but
And shote at will, and slante by wicked men
Shale out the shell, and bid them crack the nut
Showe some delight, and so the sentence shut
And bid the woꝛld, behold me in a glas
That did to rewen, from pompe and pleasure passe
Now I am gone, I wyshe the rest behinde
(As they desier) may better foꝛtune finde.

A TRAGICALL DIS-
course of the vnhappy mans life.

COm courtiars all, draw neer my morning hers
Com heer my knell, ear cors to church shall go
Or at the least, come read this wofull vers
And last farewell, the haples penneth so
And such as doth, his lief and manners kno
Come shed some teares, and se him painted out
That restles heer, did wander world about.

O pilgrims poer, preace neer my pagent nowe
And note full well, the part that I haue playd
And wysely waye, my thriftles fortune throwe
And print in brest, eache worde that heer is said
Shrinke not my frindes, step forth stand not afrayd
Though monstrous hap, I daily heer possest
Some sweater chaunce, may bring your hartes to rest.

For though the wreatch, in cold and honger lies
The happy wyght, in pompe and pleasure sittes
The weake fals down, whear mighty folk aries
The sound feels not, the feble ague fits
So world you wot, doth serue the finest wittes
Though dullards doe, in darknes daily run
The wyes at will, can walke whear shyens the Sunne.

And hap fals net, to eury man a like
Some sleeps full sound, yet hath the world at call
Some leaps the hedge, some lights a mid the dyke
Some sockes the sweat, and some the bitter gawll
The vse of things, blynd deafnie gius vs all
So though you see, ten thousand souls in hell
Yet may you hoep, in heauens blys to dwell.

Let my mishap, a worldly wonder be
For few can finde, the fruit that I did taest
Ne leaus nor bowes, I founde vpon the tree
And whear I plowd, the ground lay euer waest
A man would think, the child was borne in haest
Or out of time, that had such lucke as I
For loe I looke, for Larkes when fauls the skye.

No soyll nor seat, nor season serues my torn
Each plot is sowen, with sorrow whear I goe
On moūtayn top, they say wher torch should born
I find but smoek, and loethsom smothring woe
Neer fountayn hed, whear spryngs do daily floe
Cold Isse I get, that melts with warmth of hand
So that I starue, whear cock and condits stand.

I quench smal thirst, wher thousands drink & dyb
An empty cup, I carry clean away
And though as lean, as raek is eury ryb
And hollow cheeks, doth hidden grief bewray
The ritche eates all, the poore may fast and pray
No butter cleaues, vpon my bred at need
When hongry mawe, thinks thyrst is cut in deed.

The shallow brooks, whear littell penks ar found
I shon, and seek, the seas to swymme thear on
Yet vessayll sinks, or bark is layd a ground
Whear leaking ships, in safety still haue gon
They barber finde, when hauen haue I non
Hap cauls them in, when I am lodgd at large
Thus plaines creeps, in cold Cock lorels barge.

Full

Full thirty yeers, both Court and warres I tryed
And still I sought, aquaintaunce with the best
And serud the staet, and did such bap abyed
As might befall, and Foztune sent the rest
Wben ozom did sound, a Souldiour was I pzest
To Sea oz Lande, as pzinces quarrell stoed
And foz the saem, full oft I lost my blod.

In Scotland long, I lingred out my yeers
Wben VVylford lyud, a wozthy wight in deed
And thear at length, I fell so farre in bzeers
I taken was, as deastny had decreed
Well yet with woozds, I did my foes so feed
That thear I lyud, in pleasuer many a daye
And skaept so free, and did no randsom paye.

First at VVark vvith George Lavvson.

Taken vnder the Lorde Admirall at Saynt Mynins.

Some sayd I found, in Scotland fauour then,
I graunt my pomp, was moze than reason wold
Yet on my band, I sent boem sondzy men
That els had pyend, in pzyson pyncht with cold
To French and Scots, so fayz a taell I tolde
That they beleeud, whyt chalk and chees was oen
And it was pearll, that pzoued but pybbull stoen.

In Lavvther foz, I clapt my self by streight
So fled from foes, and boem to frynds I past
The French in haest, besteegd that Foztres streight
Then was I like, to light in fetters fast
But loe a peace, bzoek vp the seeg at last
Wben weery wars, and wicked blodshed great
Maed both the spdes, to seek a quiet seat.

Vnder Sir Hue VVyllovvbe.

Mounsoer de Terms, besieged this fort.

From thens I cam, to Enzland as I might
Sir Anthony Sentlyger depane of Irelande. And after that, to Irlande did I sayll
Wbear Sellenger, a wyes and noble knight
Gaue me such place, as was to mpen aduayll
Than teasters walkt, as thick as doth the baill
About the wozld: Foz loe from thence I boer
Foz seruice doen, of money right good stoer,

Meatts in Lorain vvon by treason. Hoem cam I thoe, and so to Fraunce did saer
In Fraunce serued vnder captayne Crayer. Wben that their kyng, wan Meatts throw satchis sien
So on the stock, I spent all boyd of caer
And what I gaet, by spoyll I held it mpen
Than down I past, the pleasant floed of Ryen
And so I sarud, in Flaunders note the saem
Wbear loe at first, my hap fell out of fraem.

In Charles the fifts time, vnder Captain Matson. Foz I was clapt, in prpson without cawse
And straightly held, foz comming out of Fraunce
But God did wozk, throwe iustice of the lawse
And help of frindes, to me a better chaunce
And still I hoept, the warres wold me aduaunce
Got out of prison by helpe of the noble Madame Sell de embry. So trayld the piek, and wozld began a nue
And loekt like hawk, that laetly cam from mue.

Thzee yeer at leask, I sawe the Empzours warres
Than hoemward dzue, as was my wonted traed
Wbear Sunne and Moen, and all the seuen Starres
Stoed on my syed, and me great welcom maed
But wether fayze, and flowzs full soen will faed
So peoples loue, is like nue besoms oft
That sweeps all clean, whyels bzoem is green and soft.

Well

Well oens again, to warrs I dyue me fast
And with Lord Grey, at Giens I did remayn
Where be or his, in any serues past
I followed on, among the warlyk trayn
And sometime felt, my part of woe and payn
As others did, that Cannon well could like
And pleasuer took, in trayling of the pike.

Eight yeres vnder my Lorde Grey.

At length the French, did Giens beseige ye wot
And littell help, or succour found we tho
By whiche fowll want, it was my beauy lot
To Parris streight, with good Lord Grey to goe
As prisners boeth, the world to well doth knoe
By tract of tyme, and wonders charge in deed
Ye hoemward went, and took his leue with speed.

But poest aloen, I stood alack the whyell
And contrey clean, forgot me this is true
And I might liue, in sorrowe and expell
And pien away, for any thing I knue
As I had backt, in deed so might I bryue
Not one at hoem, did seek my greef to beall
Thus was I clean, cut of from common weall.

Yet loe a shift, to scaep away I founde
When to my fayth, my taker gane no trust
I did denies, in wryting to be bounde
To come again, the time was set full iust
But to retorn, forsoeth I had no lust
Sens faith could get, no credit at his hand
I sent him word, to come and sue my band.

Oens agayne eskaped out of pryson.

He came him selfe, to court as I did heer
And told his taell, as fienly as he might
At Ragland than, was I in Monmouth cheer
Yet whan in court, this matter cam to light
My friendes did say, that I had don him right
A Soldiour ought, upon his faith to go
Which I had kept if he had sent me so.

Serued vnder my Lord Grey at Leeth.

Well yet my minde, could neuer rest at hoem
My shues wear maed, of running leather suer
And boern I was, about the woold to roem
To see the warres, and keep my hand in vze
The Frenche pe knoe, did Englishemen procuer
To come to Leeth, at siedge wherof I was
Till Frenche did seeke, in ships away to pas.

A littell breath, I took than after this
And shaept my self, about the Court to be
And eury daye, as right and reason is
To serue the Prince, in Court I settled me
Some frends I found, as frends do go you se
That gaue me woordes, as sweet as hony still
Yet let me lyue, by hed and conning skill.

I croetcht, I kneeld, and many a cap could dayll
And watched laet, and early roes at moern
And with the throng, I followed hard at tayll
As braue as bull, or sheep but nuely shoern
The gladdest man, that euer yet was boern
To wayt and staer, among the staets full hye
Who feeds the poer, with many frendly eye.

But who

But who can liue, with goodly lookes alorn
Or mirry wordes, that sounds like tabrers pyep
Say what they will, they loue to keep their own
And part with nought, that commeth in their griep
You shall haue nuts, they say when ploms aer riep
Thus all with shalls, or shaels ye shall be fed
And gaep for gold, and want both gold and led.

The proef therof, maed me to seke far hens
To Anvverp than, I trudged on the spleen
And all in haest, to get some spending pens
To serue my torn, in seruice of the Queen
But God he knoes, my gayn was small I ween
For though I did, my credit still encreace
I got no welth, by warres ne yet by peace.

Yet harke and noet, I praye you if you pleas
In Anvvarp town, what fortune me befell
My chaunce was such, whan I'had past the Seas
(And taken land, and theron rested well)
The people Jard, and rang a larom bell
So that in aermis, the town was eury whear
And fewe or noen, of lief stoed certain thear.

A Captaine of great charge vnder the Prince of Arrange.

A noble Prince, I sawe ampd that bropll
To whom I went, and swaer his part to taek
The commons caem, all set on raeg and spopll
And gaue me charge, to keep my wyts a waek
The Prince for loue, of king and countreis saek
Bad me do well, and shed no gpltles bloed
And saue from spopll, poer people and there Good.

I gaue my fayth, and hand to do the saem
And wrought the best, that I could worke therefoer
And brought at length, the commons in such fraem
That some wear bent to blo the coell no moer
Yet some to rage, and robbry ran full soer
Whom I reformd, so that no harm did fall
To any wyght, among the commons all.

He saued Religious houses and most of the towne from burning.

The streets we kept, and braek ne house nor doer
And for three dayes, made no mans finger bleed
I daer auoutch, that neither ryche nor poer
Could say they lost, the valeur of a threed
Well what of that, you kno an honest deed
Is soen forgoet, of such as thanckles be
For in the end, it fared so by me.

Note.

The town I kept, from cruell sword and fier
Did seek my lief, when peace and all was maed
And such they wear, that did my blud desier
As I had saude, from bloes and bluddy blaed
I crept away, and hid me in the shaed
But as the daye, and Sun began to shien
They followd fast, with force and practies fien.

In priests atyer, but not with shauen crown
I skaept their hands, that sought to haue my hed
A forckid cap, and pleytted coittall gown
Far from the church, stood me in right good sted
In all this whyell, ne masse for quick nor ded
I durst not sing, a poesting priest I was
That did in hast, from post to pyller pas.

Escaped by Gods helpe out of great danger.

In

In Brigges than, the parsons breetch did quake
For there a clarke, came tinging of a bell
(That in the towne did such a rombling make)
I could not walke, in vickars garments well
So there I wisht, my selfe in Cockell shell
Or Sea mans slopps, that smeld of pitch & tarre
Which roebs I found, ear I had traueld farre.

Followde by the Marshall 8. dayes.

A Marshall came, & searcht our woole fleet than
In boat I leapt, and so throw Sealand went
And many a day, a silly weary man
I traueilde there, and stoode with toile content
Till God by Grace, a better Fortune sent
And brought mee home, in safety, as you knoe
Great thancks to him, I giue that sarude me soe.

At the Slues the Marshall and he vvere both in one ship together.

In Court where I, at rest and peace remainde
I thought apon, the part that Flemings plaide
And for good will, since I was so retainde
I thought to make, those roisters once afraide
So hoiste vp saile, when I had anckar waide
And into Fraunce, I slipte with much a do,
Where lo a net, was making for mee to.

A drift of the Duke of Alan to dispatch me.

Yet paste I throwe, to Paris without stoppe
When ciuill broils, were likely to begin
And standing there, within a marchaunts shoppe
I heard one saye, the Prince was comming in
To Flaunders fast, with whom I later had bin
Before you wotte, thus hauing mirrie nues
I stoole away, and so did Fraunce refuse.

The Lord Embassador now Lord Norris did helpe mee away.

But

But by your leaue, I fell in daungers deepe
Before I could, in freedome go or ride
Deuouring wolues, had like to slaine the sheepe
And wiept their mouthes, apon the muttons hide
Nought goes amisse, where God wilbe the gide
So throw the place, where parrel most did seeme
I past at will, when daunger was extreeme.

The Prince I found, from Collen at his house
And there I saw, of Rotters right good store
Who welcomde mee, with many a mad carouse
Such is their gies, and hath bin euer more
To Flaunders thus, we marcht and God before
And neare the Rine, our Camp a season laye
Till money came, and had a gentrall paye.

In Flaunders longe, our Campe remayned still
And sweete with sowre, we tasted sondry wayes
Who goes to warrs, must feele both good and ill
Some likes it not, and some that like can prayes
Where nights are cold, and many hongrie dayes
Some will not be, yet such as loues the Drom
Takes in good parte, the chaunces as they com.

Perhaps my share, was not the sweetest theare
I make no boest, nor finde no fault therein
I sought my selfe, the burthen for to bear
Amonge the rest, that had ner charged bin
If smart I felt it was a plague for sin
If toy I founde, I knew it would not last
If wealth I had, lo waest came on as fast.

When

When Prince did passe, to Fraunce and Flaunders lake
I licence sought, to see my native soile
He told me than, the French by some fine crake
On me at length, would make a pray and spoile
I toke my leaue, not fearing any foile
But ere the day, the skie had cleane forsoek
I fell in snare, as fishe on baited hoek.

A Peasant betraide me and yet was God my deliuerer.

A wofull tale, it is to tell in deede
Yet heare it out, and how God wrought for mee
The case was such, that I a gide did neede
So in the field, full nere a willow tree
I founde a carle, that needs my gide must bee
His hand I had, his hart did halte the while
And treason did, throwe trust the true begile.

Note.

We held the waye, vnto S. Quintayns righte
As I did thincke, but long two leages I lost
To ease my horse, he bade me oft a lighte
But I thereat, seemde dumme and deafe as post
Of stomacke stoute, the way oft times he crost
And sought to take, my bridle by the raine
That sleight I found, and so he lost his paine.

Had I turnde backe, the peysants wear at hand
Who mounted were, on better horse than I
A village neare, there was within that land
Whear loe my gide, would haue me needs to lye
Not so my frend, I aunswearde very hye
Where at he knew the padde in straw was founde
So toke the hall, and stroke it at rebounde.

Thou

A great treacherie.

Thou canst not scape, (qᵗ he) then light a downe
Thou art but dead, thy life here shalt thou lose,
And therewithall, the carle began to frowne
And laide his hand, apon my Lether hose
Throw sines he made, the towne by this aroes,
And some by warres, that lately losse their good
Sought to reueng, the same apon my blood.

My gied leapt by, apon the horse I roode
And flang away, as fast as he could driue
Downe was I haeld, and on my face they troode
And for my roebs, the tormenters did striue
My gide did crie, O leaue him not aliue
An English churle, he is his tongue doth shoe
And gold he hath, good store full well I knoe.

They stript me streighte, from doblet to my shoyt
Yet hose they lafte, vntoutcht as God it would
No powre they had, to do me further hoyt
For as the knife, to throte they gan to hold
To saue my life, an vpright tale I told
They hearing that, laid all their weapons downe
And askt me if, I knew saint Quintains towne.

I past thereby whan to the Spawe I went
(qᵗ I) and there, my passport well was beaud
If that be true, said one thou shalt be sent
From hens in hast, and so they did conclued
To towne I should, from sauage country rued
So in the hey, they laid me all that night
Yet sought my life, before the day was light.

But

But as with weedes, some suffrante flower groes
So in that soile, a blessed man was bred
Which vndertoke, to keepe me from my foes
And saue my life, by fine deuice of bed
He cald me vp, when they wear in their bed
And bade me go, with him whear he thought best
Lest in that place, full small should be my rest.

A secret protection of God.

I followde on, as he did lead the trace
He brought me safe, where I in surety stood
Thus God throw him, did shoe his might & grace
Which ioyde me more, than all this worldly good
The other sort, wear butchers all for blood
And daily slue, such stragglars as they took
For whom they laie, and watcht in many a nook.

That hazard paste, I found more mischieues still
But none so great, nor none so much to fear
With toile & paine, with sleighte of head and skill
From Fraūce I came, (and lakt al mischief thear)
Nowe here what fruite, my natiue soile doth bear
See what I reap, and marke what I haue sowne
And let my lucke, throwe all this land be knowne.

The Captaine of Pyrroen hādled me hardly.

First let me tell, how Fortune did me call
To Garnesey thoe, to staye my troubled miend
Whear wel I was, althogh my wealth was smal
And long had dwelt, if destnie had allsend
But as the shippe, is subiect to the winde
So we must chaenge, as checking chaunces falls
Who tosseth men, about like tennis balls.

Vnder Captaine Leighton after all theis toiles.

This

This chaunce is she, some say that leads men out
And brings them home, when least they looke therefore
A dalling dame, that breeds both hope and dout
And makes great wounds, yet seldom to salues the sore
Not sure on sea, nor certaine on the shore
A worldly witch, that dealls with wanton charms
For one good turne, she doth ten thousand harms.

A figge for chaunce, this Fortune bears no sharp
The people fonde, a name to Fortune giue
Which senceleſſe soules, do after shadoes gaep
Great GOD doth rule, and sure as God doth liue
He griends the corne, and sifts the meale throw siue
And leaues the bran, as refuse of the flowre
To worke his will, and shor his mightie powre.

Note. Promotion coms, ne from the East nor West
Ne South nor North, it faulls from heauen hie
For God himselfe, sets vp who he thincks best
And casts them downe, whose harts would clime the skie
Thus earthly happs, in worldlings doth not lie
We trudge we runne, we ried and breake our braine
And backwarde come, the selfe same stepps againe.

Till time approche, that God will man preferre
With labours long, in vaine we beat the ayre
Our destnies dwell, in neither moone nor starre
Nor comfort coms, from people foule nor fayre
Small hoep in those, that sits in Golden chayre
Their moods their minds, and all we go about
Takes light from him, that putts our candel out.

This

This argues now, all goodnes freely groes
From him that first, made man of earthly mold
And floods of wealth, into their bosome floes
That cleerly can, his blessed will behold
As sheppards do, keepe safe their sheepe in fold
And Gardnar knoes, how flowrs shold watred be
So God giues ayde, ear man the want can se.

Note.

Helps coms not sure, by hap or heads deuice
Though wits of men, are meanes to worke ȳ ware
And cunning hands, do often cast the dice
All these are topes, trust vp in tinkars packs
No flame wil rpes, till fier be thrust to flare
No branch may bud, till he that made the plant
With dew of grace, in deede supplies the want.

Can earth peild fruit, til Spryngtime say do shoe?
Can ayre be cleer, till foggs and mists are fled?
Can seas and floeds, at eury season floe?
Can men giue life, to shapes and bodies dead?
Such secrets pas, the reatche of mans vaine head
So loke to reap, no corne for all our toile
Till Harvest come, and God hath blest the soile.

The pottar knoes, what vessail serues his turne
And therein still, he powreth liquor sweete
The cooke well notes, what wood is best to burne
And what conceites, is for the banket meete
The Captaine marks, what souldiour hath most spreete
And calls that man, to charge and office great
When he thincks good, and saruice is in heat.

Dare

Dare any wight, presume to take the place
Of worthy charge, till he therto be cald:
Dare subiect brag, before the Princes face:
Or striue with staets, that are in honour stauld:
Dare village boest, with Cittie stronglye wauld:
Dare childzen clime, till they good footing find:
No all thing yelds, to him that leads the minde.

Note. He lifts aloft, he flingeth downe as faste
He giues men fame, and plucks renowne awaye
Hap doth not so, for chaunce is but a blaste
An idle word, wherewith weake people playe
Hap hangs and holds, on hazarde eury waye
And hazard leanes, on doubt and danger deepe
That glads but few, and maketh Millions weepe.

I vse this terme, of hap in all I write
As well to make, the matter large and long,
As any cause, or dram of great delite
I take therein: But here I do poe wrong
To leade your eares, with such a senceles song
From hearing that, I promesde haue to ende
The bare discourse, the hapleſſe man hath pende.

So comming home, and crept from toills abroed
(With charged brest, and heuy heauing hart)
I thought in Courte, my burthen to vnloed
And cast away, the cares of former smart
But there alas, my chaunce is so oerthwart
I sit and sighe, and fold mine armes with all
And in old gricfes, a freshe begin to fall.

Yea

Yea thear where moſt, my hope and haunt hath bin
Where yeares and dayes, I ſpent apon the ſtocke
And diuers doe, good hap and frendſhip win
(And duetie makes, a world of people flocke)
And thouſands Loe, drawes water from the cocke
I ſkarce may moiſt, my mouth when thirſt is great
And hart is cleane, conſuemde with ſkalding heat.

A ſpring of kinde, doth floe aboue the brim
You cannot ſtoppe, a Fountaine if you would
For throw harde rockes, it runneth cleare and trim
And in ſome grounde, it calls vp graynes of gould
It burſts the earth, and deepely diggs the mould
It guſheth out, and goes in ſondry vayns
From mountaines topp, and ſpreadeth all the plains.

The Spring creeps vp, the higheſt hill that is
And many wells, thear on are eaſlye found
And this I wott, where you do water mis
Small fruite doth groe, it is but barraine grounde
The ſoile is ſweete, where pleaſaunt ſprings abounde
The Cowſlop ſproutes, where ſprings and fountaines bee
And floods begin, from fountaine heads you ſee.

The labring man, thearat doth coell his heat
The byrds do baeth, their breſts full brauely thear
The bruteſt beaſts, there in finds pleaſure great
And likes not halfe, ſo well another whear
What cauſe in mee, what dout what fault or feare?

That I maye not, in this so weak a plite
Go drinck my fyll, whear eatch thing haeth delite.

Note.

The moer we draw, the waetter from the well
The better farre, we bring the spring in fraem
The seas themselues, of natuer ries and swell
The moer the winde, & weather works the saem
The fier borns best, when bellows bloes the flaem
Let things stande still, and stoer them not in time
They shall decaye, by meane of drosse and slime.

I see some streams, with sticks aer choked vp
And riuers large, are marde with beds of sand
I see some bring, from doells an empty cup
Yet craues an almes, and shoes a needye hand
I see baer boyes, before the banket stand
And no man sayth, loe poer man if thou wute
Take heer a dishe, to fill thy hongry gute.

Of cormrant kinde, some crammed capons aer
The moer they eat, the moer they may consuem
Some men likewise, the better that they faer
The worse they be, and sicker of the ruem
And some so chaef, so frowne so fret and fuem
When others feede, they cannot God be knocs
Spaer any time, the dropping of thear noes.

The bords aer spred, and feasts aer made thereon
And sutch sit downe, that haeth their bellies full

Whole

Whose greedy mouthes, from dogg would snatch ȳ boen
Which snodges swill, and loke like greisie wull
They puffe they bloe, yea like a baited bull
And shoue them backe, that on small croems would seede
Whose pashent harts, maks vertue of a neede.

The glotton thincks, his belly is to small
When in his eye, a deintie morsell is
He grins and gaeps, as though no crom shold fall
From him: and loeks as al the wozld wear his
Thus sutch as want, aer suer the poest to kis
Foz powlting pzied, doth pzeace so fast in place
That poer plain Tom, daer skarce come sho his face.

Catch one doth seeke, foz to aspier and ries
Yet hact we those, that doth by vertue clime
The foole hee skozns, the wozship of the wies
Yet dolts pzesuem, beyond the wyes sometime
And all this strief, is but foz dzos and slime
That out of earth, wee digg with daungers deepe
Full hard to winne, and much moze wozs to keepe.

This makes me mues, when some haue heaps in hozd
They will not help, the neerest freinde they haue
And yet with smiels, and many a frendly wozd
They graunt to giue, before a man doth craue
Sutch barbozs fine, can finely poul and shaue
And washe full cleane, till all away they washe
Thangood sir Griem, like lobb they leaue in lashe.

What should men loes, when they enoughe haue had
If they did part, with things that might be spared:
A little peece, out of a golden gad
For seruice long, might be a great rewarde
No no as steele, and flinte is stiffe and harde
So world is wart, and no good turne is founde
But whear in deede, do doble giftes rebounde.

Wee make a legge, and kisse the hand with all
(A French deuice, nay sure a Spanish tricke)
And speake in Print, and say loe at your call
I will remaine, your owne both dead and quicke
A Courtiar soe, can giue a lobbe a licke
And dresse a dolt, in Motley for a while
And so in sleeue, at sillye woodcocke smile.

If meaning went, with painted words and shoes
It might suffice, such courteis cheer to taest
But with the same, disdaine and enuye goes
And trompry great, with words and winde in waest
Than arme in arme, coms flattry full of haest
And leads away, the senses out of frame
That vpright witts, are thereby stricken lame.

This lowting lowe, and bowing downe the knee
But groeps mens minds, to creepe in credits lapp
Like malte horse than, he bolds vp head you see
That late before, could baile both knee and capp
The Nurse a while, can feede the child with papp
And after beate, him on the breech full baer
A swarme God wot, of these fine natuers aer,

There

There be that biets, yet gronts and whines withall
There be that winnes, yet sweare and say they locs
There be that stops, and stealls away the ball
There be that plantes, a weede & plucks a roes
There be pleads wante, to whom the fountaine floes
Such bieds there haps, to make the woꝛld to thincke
At sayꝛe well head, they neede not soꝛ to dꝛincke.

The Whales you see, eates vp the little fishe
The pꝛettie Penk, with Sammon may not swim
The greatest heads, are fedde with finest dishe
To seculest pits, sayꝛe water runneth trim
Hee gets the gaine, that standeth nere the bꝛim
He bloes the cole, that hath cold fingers still
He starues soꝛ bꝛead, that hath no coꝛne at mill.

A woꝛld to see, the course and state of things
Some would get vp, ꝓ knoes not where to light
Some soer the skies, that neuer had no wings
Some wꝛastle well, by cunning not by might
Some seems to iudge, sayꝛe coulours wout sight
And eury one, with some odde shift oꝛ grace
In woꝛld at will, runs out a goodly race.

But to be plaine, I lagg and come behinde
As I wear lame, and had a bꝛoken legg
Oꝛ els I cannot, lye within the winde
And harken still, what I might easlie begg
I neede not say, in mouth I haue a gegg
Foꝛ I haue spoke, and sped in matters small
By helpe of him, that hath my Uerses all.

But farre God wot, I am from that I seeke
And misse the marke, that many men do hit
Wherefore salt teares, do trickle downe the cheeke
And hart doth feele, full many a wofull fit
And so aside, in sollem sorrow sit
As one in deede, that is forsaken cleane
Wher most he doth, deserue and best doth meane.

No matter now, though eth man march & tread
On him that hates, the life he beares about
Yet such as shall, these heauy Uerses read
Shall finde I blame, my fortune out of dout
But sens on hope, no better hap will sprout
I yeild to death, and vpward lift the minde
Where lothsome life, shall present comfort finde.

Sens hope can haue, no hony from the Hiue
And paines can plucke, no pleasure for his toile
It is but paine, for weery life to striue
And streatch out time, with torment and tormoile
Get what we can, death triumphes oer the spoile
Than note this well, though we win neer so mitch
When death tacks al, we leaue a mizer ritch.

To liue and lacke, is doble death in deede
A present death, exceeds a lingring woe
Sens no good hap, in youth did helpe my neede
In age why should, I striue for Fortune soe
Old years are come, and hasts me hens to goe
The time drawes on, I hate the life I haue
When hart shall breake, my griefe shall ende in graue.

Should

Should I seeke life, that finds no place of rest
Ne soile nor seate, to shroude me from the ayre
When cramping colde, beclipps my carefull brest
And dollor driues, my hart in deepe dispayre
For such foule dayes, darke death is wondrous fayre
As good to make, the shrawlling wormes a feast
As pleas ỳ world, wher mischiefe maks her neast.

Hie time it is, to haest my carkas hens
Youth stoole awaye, and felt no kinde of ioye
And age he laft, in trauell euer sens
The wanton dayes, that made me nice and coye
Wear but a dreame, a shadoe and a toye
Sith slaurye beer, I finde and nothing els
My hoem is thear, wher soule in freedome dwels.

In warrs and woe, my peers aer waested clean
What should I see, if lordly lief I led
I look in glas, and finde my cheeks so lean
That cury owze, I do but wishe mee ded
Now back bends downe, & forwards faulls ỳ hed
And hollow eyes, in wrinckled brow doth shrowd
As though two starrs, wear creping vnder clowd.

The lipps waxe cold, and looks both pael & thin
The teeth fawlls out, as nutts forsook the shaell
The baer bald head, but shoes whear hear hath bin
The lucly ioynts, ware weery stiffe and staell
The reddy tongue, now falters in his taell
The wearishe face, and tawny collour shoes
The corraeg quaills, as strength decayes and goes.

The sweete delites, are drownd in dulled minde
The gladsome spoyts, to groning sighes are bent
The friskíng limbs, so farre from frame I finde
That I forthincke, the time that youth hath spent
But when I way, that all these things wear lent
And I must pay, the earth her dutie throw
I shrincke no whit, to yeld these pleasures now.

Had I possest, the giftes of Fortune beer
A house a wyfe, and childzen therewithall
And had in stoze (to make my frendes good cheer)
Sutch commõ things, as neighbours haue at call
In such dispayze, perchaunce I would not fall
But want of this, and other lackes a skoze.
Bids me seeke death, and wishe to liue no moze.

Yet foz to beare, a peece of all my woes
(And to impart, the priuie pangs I felt)
From countrie soile, a sober wife I choes
In mine owne house, with whom I seldom dwelt
When thousandes slepte, I waekt I swet I swelt
To compas that, I neuer could attaine
And still from home, abzoed I bzack my bzaine.

The thatcher hath, a cottage pooze you see
The sheppard knoes, where he shal sleepe at night
The daily dzudge, from cares can quiet bee
Thus Foztune sends, some rest to eurye wight
So bozne I was, to house and lande by right
But in a bagg, to Court I bzought the same
From Shzewsl bzye towne, a seate of auncient fame.

What

What thinkes my frindes, that thear behind I laft
What fault finds ſhe, that gaue me lief and ſuck
O courting fien, thou art to cold a craft
The Carter haeth, at hoem much better luck
Well, well I ſaye, a due all woꝛldly muck
Ne howſe noꝛ land, we bear away I knoe
I naked cam, and naked hence muſt goe.

The greateſt kyng, muſt pas the ſelf ſaem way
Our daye of byꝛth, and buriall are alike
Their ioye, their pompe, their wealth and rich araye
Shall ſoen conſuem, like ſnow that lies in dieck
No bucklar ſerues, when ſodayn death doth ſtrick
As ſoen may coem, a poer mans ſoule to blys
As may the rich, oꝛ greateſt Loꝛd that is.

Well ear my breath, my body doe forſaek
My ſpꝛeet I doe, bequeath to God aboue
My bookes, my ſkꝛowls, and ſongs that I did maek
I leaue with frindes, that freely did me loue
To flyting foes, whoes mallice did me moue
I wyſhe in haeſt, amendment of their wayes
And to the Court, and courtiars happy dayes.

My foꝛtuen ſtraunge, to ſtraungers doe I leaue
That ſtrangly can, retain ſuch ſtraung miſhap
To ſuch as ſtill, in woꝛld did me diſſeaue
I wyſhe they may, bewaer of ſuch lyk trap
To ſclaundꝛous tongues, that kyld me with their clap
I wyſhe moer reſt, than they haue gyuen me
And bleſs thoes ſhꝛeaws, that coꝛſt and crabbed be.

To ſuch

To ſuch as yet, did neuer pleaſuer man
I giue thoſe rymes, that nyps the gawlled back
To ſuch as would, do good and if they can
I wyſhe good luck, long lief, and voyd of lack
To curryſh karls, a whyp and collyars ſack
And to the proud, that ſtands vpon their braus
A waynſkot face, and twenty crabtree ſtaues.

To ſurly ſyers, that ſcorns the meaner ſort
A nightcap foord, with Foyns I them bequeath
To ſuch as ſkowll, at others good report
(And lets much ſtoer, by their owne paynted ſheath)
In ſtead of luck, I giue a willowe wreath
To ſuch as aer, vnnaemd and merits mutch
The ſtoen I leaue, that tries the gold by tutch.

To gentill race, with good conditions ioynd
I wyſhe more ioy, than man imagin maye
And ſens for pooer, I haue no money coynd
God graunt them all, a mery mariage daye
To ſuch as doth, delyte in honeſt playe
I wyſhe the gold, that I haue loſt thearby
And all the wealth, I want before I dye.

Now frends ſhack hands, I muſt be gon my boyes
Our myrth taeks end, our triumph all is don
Our tykling talk, our ſports and myrry toyes
Do ſlyed away, lyke ſhadow of the Son
Another coms, when I my race haue ron
Shall paſſe the tyme, with you in better plyt
And finde good cauſe, of greater things to wryt.

FINIS.

A DISCOVRSE HOVV vertue ſeames to ſleape and Juſtice is euer awaken.

WHen vertue layd her down to ſlepe,
and would no longer wake:
And wicked world did wanton waxe,
as vice would triumphe make.

I ſat and muſed all the while,
on thinges of wonders weight:
As though our latter iudgement daye
at hand were comming ſtreight.

For loe eache land, and kingdom large,
In compas of my vewe:
Stode all beſpred with wailing wightes,
and ſodaine ſorowes newe.

Some ran to rayſe dame vertue vp,
but none durſt ſtirre her thoe:
Diſordred lief kept people back,
and ſaid let vertue goe.

Dead ſleape hath caught her for a ſpace,
to plague proud hagubtie heads:
That wallowes in their wayward willes,
on pleaſures wanton beddes.

The feble folke that liues in feare,
and feade in cottage colde:
Were halfe amaſd to here the tale,
that lawles life had tolde.

Is vertue

A discourse of vertue.

Is vertue slombring nowe alas,
  q̃ one that felt much wrong:
Than shall the poore with pensyue mynde,
  complayn of grief to long.

This was no sooner said but loe,
  in fieldes and forestes thick:
I harde a heape of wounded hartes,
  that pincht were nere the quicke.

Crye out so loude they perst the cloudes,
  and in their roaring tewne:
They did pronounce that wretched folke,
  full sone should come to rewne.

If sacred Gods that guydes the Starres,
  and rules both Sun and Moone:
Brought not a bore of pretious balme,
  to salue the mischief soone.

In this discourse and dolefull brutes,
  came reuell roughly clad:
And made wilde hauocke sound the drõme,
  as all the world were mad.

And so was haerbraine broyles abroche,
  and men embrued in blode:
Began to striue with stoute attempts,
  For rule and worldly good.

The

The horse did see where lay his strength,
and would not rayned bee:
The Ore forsooke the wonted plowe,
the Asse would neades go free.

And flang the burthen on the flooze,
thus sauage grewe they all:
That had ben taine and meke as lambe,
and long at maisters call.

The common sorte beholding this,
lest labour care and toyle:
And sought throw sleights & snatching shifts
to thriue and liue by spoyle.

Nowe dullardes were so quicke of sence,
they gan dispute the case:
And sifted finely flowre from Braune,
and had so trym a grace.

They could beguyle the Mylnar smoth,
and make the Baker simple:
It was a woorld to see the woorlde,
And woorldlings all the whyle.

When folly wrought by slipper meanes,
to reache beyonde the wyse:
As though blynde Bayards boulnes rude,
could blere cleer Argos eyes.

Yet

Yet diuelyshe braynes and depe deceite,
did driue such combrous drifftes:
That plainenes in a pilgrims wede,
was put vnto her shiftes.

True dealing was but cauld a doule,
or els Gods foole in deade:
Dame flattery claymed frindships place,
yet faild her frinde at neade.

And robbry was good purchace helde,
and lust was sollace sweete:
And they were cauld the liuely laddes,
that had the quickest spriete.

Som said lords hestes were held for lawes,
but those were Chavvsers woordes:
And faith did faile in old prestes sawes,
tushe all this was but boordes.

Yet in flat earnest this was trewe,
the gredy groppt for gaine:
And hungry guts might gnaw their gõmes
and still in grief complayne.

And priuate profitte prowlde for pence,
her purse laye open wyde:
Thus publike state with rufull noyse,
vnto the heauens cryed.

For helpe

For helpe and succour to the harmes,
that fell on cursed earth:
That neuer yet was pure and free,
from plagues since Abels birth.

O wytles wigõtes the Goddes said thoe,
that sittes aboue the skies:
O people vayne why do you pewle,
and make such wretched cries.

Thinke you we haue forgotten cleane,
the feble force of man:
Sawe we not what should come to passe,
ere first the world began.

Yes suer, and ordeind goodly lawes,
to stay your strougling states:
And alwayes helde vp Justice still,
to ende your sharpe debates.

Are you so childishe to beleaue,
though vertue seame to dreame:
That we will suffre staetly vice,
to striue against the streame.

No no, our lawes shall linke you faste,
in leages of loue full long:
And learne eche man to know his owne,
and what is right and wrong.

The

A discourse of vertue.

The pyllars that holdes vp the house,
and props vnto the same:
Are knowen among good workemen all,
of such as buildings frame.

What comforts kinges & comon weales,
and keepes the lande in awe:
But noble rule and threatning sworde,
and worthy vpright lawe.

Though vertue doe not shine so bright,
as she was wonte of olde:
In iustice seate if you liste searche,
her beames you may beholde.

At times and termes as temperance tunes,
the stringes that are amisse:
So lawe reformes the wilfull worlde,
when out of square it is.

And Iustice euer shall neuer die,
whyle Solons name is knowen:
And whiles that wytte and reason learnes,
eache man to know his owen.

These wordes thus spoke of fearful Gods,
the world shranke back for feare:
And I beleud myne adell bed,
these thinges had dreamed theare.

FINIS.

CHVRCHYARDES dream written to Master VVilliam Harbert Esquier, dwellinge at Sainct Gillians by Carlion in Walles.

Som men affyrm Dreams are vntrue,
But what the iudgment is of you
I knowe not yet, but well I thinke
They may proceed, of meat or drinke
Receyued before the sleep we take
Complexcions often fancies make
And talke of thyngs ouer night before
Drawes dreams in som mens heds great store.
But this you know, the powrs aboue
Our earthly vessels heer doth moue
By cowrs as they, are of thear kinde
And sets the mostions in our minde
As oen might say we nothyng do
But Planets pricks vs thearvnto.
Loek how the Heauens order is
The Earth must follow, grant me this,
Than we that of the Earth are maed
Must neds obay, the Heauens traed
Fowre Elements of eatch ye kno
Or all we fell, the ruell is so:
Som won moer mirt thearwith we se
And subiect moer, than others be
To them among vs heer remayn
But what of that, to break my brayn

About disputing of such thing
Or yet my wits in error bring
I need not search so deep a case
I shuld but ron beyond my race.
Yet of som dreams that aer deuien
Let me a lytell heer defien
Neer. For priuey warnings god doth giue
By sleeps to thoes that heer do liue.
Was not the dreams of kings sought owt
By danniell who, maed cleer each dowt
That by the saem might ries or spring
Takes god no caer but for aking
Is not the poer to him as deer
The meanest as the greatest peer
Thoght on of him, yeas than beter
By dreams somtims he doth procuer
A man to think on, things to com
A dream may speak that seemeth dom.
A dream haeth lief though sleeps full ded
Breed fancies in, an Idell hed
Som when they wack do soen forget
What swearuons in the night they met
And driues the day to end with all
And at the length vnwacres doth fall
In that great flood or in that stream
That they aer warnd of by thear dream.
But I that for to shon is glad
The danger of a dream I had
Do tell the saem, loe this hit was
The dream begyns Me thought from hoem as I did pas
Unto your howse you said that tied
You had a torney for to ried
Thors you lent me for the saem
So forth we rod and had good gaem

We

We lawght and checkled all the waye
But as you kno that after playe
Coms caer and sorow so it fell
When I beleud that all was well
You frowned and flang from me for ok
And as I vsed was to skoek
I gestid still and followed fast
But you oer roed me at the last
And for I would not tier my nag
I shaept my self behind to lag
A loen I prickt and palfray spord
And mutch I thought yet spack no word
Saue that I said with voyce full loe
Whate wil my frind forsack me soe?
What new told taell doth torn him thus
No taell a toy hit is ywus
No toy be is to wies therfore
Som thing hit is yea les or more
But what hit is I need not fear
For searteh my consience eury whear
And cleer it standeth in eatch traed
To him since he my frende I maed.
Thus mueling on mi giltles cace
I then began, to meand my pace
And as the deuell wold hit soe
That I ill hap shuld not forgo.
(When mischeeus com they fawl on heap)
My hors did start and gan to leap
The raed I think had seen a spriet
He maed the fier ries from his feet
Out of the stoens wh ear he did tramp
Lord than howe I did staer and stamp
And thrust the spurs in to his sied
But girth and saddell baed abied

They fell from my Horse full all to brock
And in the myer, flat like an ock
I lay a long, but what of that
Car I roes vp, and found my hat
Which laye fast by, an Elders roet
My Horse was gon, and I on foot.
My face with dirt, was so araid
Yt maed the hors, thear of afraid
For as I ran the Jaed to get
The poer plain people that I met
Thoght suer I had bin clean best raught,
Den gaue me way, a nother laught
The third said sir go washe your face
But still I had my beast in chace
And ran not swearing half a myel
But took the Jaed agaynst a stiel
By that was Curttals brydell lost
And I might ryed (but not in post)
On gawldid back and carrayn boens
The harneys, saddell all at oens
Was brock as sayd afoer I haue
Noet. Than could I call no oestlar knaue
Nor face him down my gear was gon
And piekt away by hangers on
That follow geasts to cury In
By shift som payre of Boets to win
Sutch filtchars haue so great a lack
They steall the Saddell from the back
But I that bronght a Saddell out
Might ried now like a gentil lout
Thear was no theef to shrowd my shaem
But plaen poer Tom, to bear the blaem
What neds moer words, of this to speake
Get vp I did on Hors full weake.

My

My girdell was the bridell than
Thus rode I like a clean yong man.
A greater fier was in the straw,
As in the Dream me thought I saw,
A further mischæf after this.
I sounde and felt loe this it is.
As I my iorney thought to take
The Horsis backe a two it brake
Out stept his bones, in fell my cors
Amid the belly of the Hors
I loked still, whan he would fall
He seemd to have no harm at all:
And kept the way and boer it out,
With that I would have torned about
To see if all belongd him to
Would serue as they wear wont to do.
His lims I mean, which wear so soer
That he had mind to turn no moer
But hoemward, held as fast a mayn,
As any Jenet could of Spayn.
Or Iryth hobby fayre and fat
I would not have beleeued that.
If one had tolde it for no lie
But sure I saw it with mine eye
As well as in a dream I might
I lay no bed, on things by night
As in the day I had them seen
This was of troeth and this I ween
Hath diffrence far for troeth is sound
And weenyng dwels on doubtfull ground
But sens I com vnto this clause
Now will I talke and sho som cause
Of Dreams and let the matter rest
Of my deformed broke backt beast.

Note.

Yet shall my pen heer after playn
Unto my purpos turn agayn.
Thear was a man, my self might be
That in a Dream did think to se
A Sargant com with Mace in hand
Who sayd good sir I pray you stand
I you arest for Det you knowe
To whom the money you do owe
And if you haue forgot the som
Unto the counter you must com
And to your accyon answer make
What knaue q he thou doest mistack
The man I think that thou doest seek
I owe not all the world a leek
Wherfoer I list not the obaye
He drue his sword and mad a fray
Clobbs cried the sargant all in fear
Out cam the touns men eury whear
And from the wind mill this dreemd he
Whear hakney horsis hyred be
This man was driuen by plain strength
And ran in to a church at length
That at saint Iarance laen end stands
Yet could not shacp, the sargants hands,
Forth was he brought, and mannaest soer
But frinds he found (to salue the soer)
Among the sargantts all on heap
So that unto, the goct in cheap
He brought was than, and thear to send
For frinds to make, of this an end
Which was found owt, and had discharg
And whear he wold he went at larg
Loe thearwith did this man awack
Yet of his dream discours did mack

Unto

Unto oen Feeld with whom he lay
Who baed him not go forth that day
For by a figuer folwnd he had
If he went forth he shuld be lad
Unto the countter, or skaep haid
This man did littell that regard
Think you (qᵗ he) the planets may
Cause me to find ill luck this day
As though they had the ruell of man
Do what youe will said to him than
His bed fellowe, who straightway roes
And out of doer full fast he goes
The dreamaer followd as he might
When cloes wear on and day was light
But he no soonner in the street
But loe a sargant, did he meet
And as before you told, I haue
Hit cam to pas, so god me saue
This is no fable maed for mirth
For by that lord that maed the earth
The heauens toe, and all thear in
Belecue me nowe, this thing haeth bin
Laet in the raing of mary queen
And then the proef of this, was seen
All men haue not a gift a like
Som god doth warn, before he strick
Som haue grosswitts, som heds deuien
For diuers gracis god doth sien
To man as pleaseth him to shoe
Whear for let vs confes and knoe
He maed not man so vicll a thing
And set him heer, as lord and king
Of all the works he did creat
But he tacks caer for mans estaet

Ihon Feeld
by wakfeeld

Noet.

And reasons with man eury owre
And in his vessails still doth powre
What licko; he thynks meet therfo;e
Note. The pot can neuer boill no moer.
Than Cock doth list to put thear in
Fo; Cock maks b;oth, boeth thick & thin:
The pottar likwies hath in choyce
In which pot he will moest reioyce.
Which vessaill is fo; honour maed,
And which must sarue, a seruyell traed.
The pottar knoes, and fashons all
Ells blind and weak we might him call
If pot o; any vessell cleer
To other po;pos sarued heer
Than he before haeth o;dayned plain
To whom the vse of potts pertain
As I might say a gardnar good
Yet neuer th;owly vnder stood
What weeds and flow;s wear meet to gro
With in his gardain, euen soe
Is that as true that god doth want
Foersyght of any earthly plant
That in his vienyard beareth graepps
You grant that god doth giue men shaepps
And doth he gyue, but fo;m aloen
A picktuer w;ought, of fleash and boen
And lets man think, what thought he will
Doth not he giue him wit and skyll
And sets sutch thoughts a mid mans hart
As can not com, by kind, no; aert
If god haue geuen lief and b;eath
And in his hand, haue lyer and death
How should not he, nowe would I lern
The minds of men, before desern.

Cart

Caer they or thought, what they shalbe
If god the cause, therof do se
Than must they needs, from him proceed
As ground and roct, of eatch good deed
For what weer fleash? that no lief had
And lief from feelyng wear as bad
And feelyng coms, by reasons loer
Than reason haue we not before
We do receiue of God that gift
Why than there is no other shift
But he that putteth in the same
Must nœds be master of the game.
If nought be put into the pot
It cannot sœth full well ye wot.
Who boyls the pot and maks the fier
Puts things therin at his desier
A broken pot, ye call that still
That neither sarus, to good nor ill.
An needlesse pot, god doth not make
That will no kynd, of licour take.
What pitchard will for water go
Be it not born, than way this so
No man may thinke, a thought say I
But it is ordaynd, from an hie
And powred in vs by his mean
That seith eury thyng full clean
And knoweth well to what entent
Catch vessayl at the first was ment
And to sutch vse as they were wrought
He letteth them be drawn and brought.
And boldly now, if I durst speake
I thynke the makars wit weare weake
To form a thyng, and doth not know
To what entent, he made it so.

Note.

Than this muſt follow if he knue
Of all his wo;kis what ſhuld enſue
Whear cow;s was ſet in his foer ſight
Car that he maed, the daie and might
So needs they muſt befall lik wies
Than ſhuld we not no cauſe diſpies
That lerns vs howe to kno his power
Which we;keth in vs euer i owre
A wacke a ſleep at meat at reſt
We muſt find lodging fo; that geaſt
He will com in and mack a ſtoer
And knock hard at thy conſience doer
And th;eatten ſko;gis fo; thy ſin
And ſpeak and talk to the with in
And tell the things that aer amis
And ſay thow foell bewaer of this
Thow vſeſt oft ; thy god I am.
That fo; to warn the bether cam
To ſhon the plaegs fo; the p;epaerd
But if this warning be not hard
And men in ſin ſtill ſleep and ſno;t
And of lutch viſions maks a ſpo;t
Than ſhall they feel no d;eam hit was
When proef of this doth com to pas
He that will not be warnd by ſleep
When he awacks, may chance to weep
In ſhriptuer haue I red ſom time
Howe Jhon ſawe ſowls to heauen clyme
And Jacob d;eamd he ſawe the rams
Leaping this to the choeſen lams
God doth a peer vea cury whear
And ſleping rounds men in the ear
As Joeb doth ſay, and I cowld tell
Howe diuers awetto;s choes full well

That

That dreams do ſignifie to ſom
Great caers and trobulls for to com
And vnto other ſhoes likwies
Whan mirth and Joy thear ſhall aries
I writ not this as for a creed
Let men truſt dreams as they ſhall need
Som dreams ſpryng fro a feble brain
And ſom of ſicknes and of pain
And other ſubiects mani a on
Of which I will deuies apon
In dreams aer doubts and doble freaks
Som ſleeps yet in his dream he ſpeaks
And riſeth vp yet not a waek
And in the howſe mutch noys doth maek
Ye torns the lock and goes his way
Owt of the doer as at noen day
And doth ſutch thinges as fawlls in bed
By dream and after coms to bed
Ye barrs all faſt whear he hath byn
And neuer faulls nor breaks his ſhin
Yet ſeems to ſleep yea all the whyell
But he that ſeeth the faem may ſmyell
And wonder at that Idell brayn
That in the bed is layd a gain
Who laet in ſleep a broed be ſawe
A nother ſort will ſeartch the ſtrawe
And thruſt a knief throwe bed and all
What may we nowe this dreamyng call
Of our complerſhons coms this gear
No ſuer of ſom mad freak I fear
They ries they breed and norriſhtt be
And groes in men by ſom degre
That coſtom maks to folowe kynd
Or els they ſpryng on troble mind

Noet.

For

Churchyardes dreame.

For charged conshens borthend soer
Of som shrewd fact fowl don before
Which pricks the inward parts of man
That hed nor fancie rests not than
Though boddy as his costom is
Must deep or natuer holds with this
Yet whear the conshens is not clean
Thear seeks the deuell for to lean
And leaus no way that may be sought
To plant ther in dispaired thought
And maks the dreamar lowd to crie
Ye comis I se him with mine eie
And sweats for fear this known I haue
And haro howe som do vse to raue
And start vpright as they wear wood
Som saye hit cometh of a blood
A blood I fear as doctors saith
That springeth of defaut of fayth
Som aer of such a weak beleef
They thinke each mouse should be a theef
And euery Rat that runs about
Should be a Deuell out of dout
Such folke aswell daer lye aloen
As I dare eat a lode of Koen
God neuer thought, was on that day
At night than how should any way
Such helhoundes sleep of deulysh deeds,
Nothyng but fearfull dreams proceeds
Their mines on mischeef runs so fast
That feare of God or world is past
As long as they can finde a maet
To chat with all to lie or pract
In suertie than, yea all on hoef
They think they stand, amid their roef

But

But whan aloen they hap to goe
Thear conshens doth accues them soe
They may not syt ne sleep nor rest
But gnawing worms are in theyr brest
And trembling thoghts doth them confound
Theas men must needs now sleep vnsound
Of whoes mad dreams so God mee speed
I thinke wise folke, ought take good heed
And giue them counsell in this cace
And learn them for to feell the grace
That god doth promes to vs all
With faithfull hart, that to him call
Good prayer suer may salue this greef
This is a part of my beleef.
And for to proue that saieng true
I will rehers a thing to youe
Which hath bin trid and trid againe
Wherfore giue ear I lyst not fayn
I knue my selfe and of laet dayes
A father that was much to prayes
In bringing vp his babes catch on
He myght be calde a parragon
In teaching youth and vsing age
Would god catch man would wear his bage
And seek his lyurey for to haue
Than in thear harts they should engraue
The feare of God, his armor coet
And all the worship that he goet,
His acrms, his collors and his creft
His hoep, his curatts for his brest
His sheld, his sword, his ennmies rod
And to be short, the fear of God
Was all or moest, of his delite
In fleashly tabuls God did write.

Noet.

His

His law, his fear and blessed will
Far past the compasse of our skill
I mean within the humble mind
(Of this goodman well bent of kind)
With parfit stamp was printed fast
The law and fear I spake of last
As all his children taught he well
To den apart this did he tell
(Boer oftnar than vnto the rest
Perhaps that boy, he loued best)
Now if he would his blessyng win
Than with this ruell he must begin
First eury mornyng whan he roes
Before he had put on his cloes
He should a sollem praier say
To God to keep him all the day
That he did purpose well to spend
And whan the day, was brought to end
(And should repayre vnto his bed)
Another praier should be sed
Before he slept, if this he did
In eury point, as he was bid
The Father sayd, that God on hie
Would blesse the place, whear he did lie
And giue an Angell, charge he sed
To keep good watch, about the bed.
That neither feend, nor fearfull sight
Should vere the silly soul that night.
His son that lesson kept full well
And neuer from that order fell
But most deuoutly that he vsd
Till wanton life, had him abusd
And made him minde, sutch follies beer
As retchlesse youth, doth bye full deer.

Noer.

Whole

Whose pleasuers whan the son had caught
The goodly ruell, his father taught
In very dæd, forgotten was
And littell did, this yong man pas
How he the day, or night had spent
But heer what plaegs was after sent.
What restles sleeps and dreams he had
For som tims as he had bin mad
(When in the bed he down was laid)
He did sutch things as wold haue Fraid
The stowttest man, that treds in shue
And farther moer, I may tell youe
He was aferd him self ful oft
For nothing stoerd by him so soft
(Wythin the chaember that he sleept)
But thearwith vnder cloes be crept
And durst not speak, of any thing
To be of all the world a king.
Theas fancies did not chang him so
But he had torments many moe
Of other secret fears with in
When for to sleep, he did begin.
Which alttred him on sutch a sort
I can not make thearof report.
Sutch frights and startyng in the bed
And of his mowth, I haue hard sed
He thoght he sawe, and markt hit wel
A thowsand deuells owt of hel
Com ronning on him all at oens
Som toer his fleash som brook his boens
Som flang him down, as than he thoght
And was thearwith in slomber broght
But stil his fancies did him fraem
To crie alowd, on Ihesus naem

Yea

Yea ſutch as ſlept with him haue hard
That he the bleſſed naem prefard
Of Iheſus ſuerly firſt of all
Noet. And whan thear on this man did call
His raeg of ſtorms began to ſlack
And ſtreight from ſleep he did awack
Tham would he look vnto the lord
And ſo the fathers ruell record
No ſoener was a prayer ſaid
But lownd as back in cradell laid
He ſlept, and hath don oftten ſence
This prous that vnder gods defence
Man wacks & ſleeps, and dreams ſomwhiels
And as he at our folly ſmiels
A gentilll warning doth he giue
Becauſe he would haue ſinnars liue
And ſo conuert, for cauſis knoen
To him that ſitts in ſacred throen
He gieds and gouerns eury whear
And brings the hawty harts in fear
To mak men knoe from whence we haue
The quiet ſleeps, and reſt we craue.
I could of dreams mutch moer reſit
But this ſuffiſeth that I writ
To ſhoe that dreams of many men
Aer true, or moſhons now and then
To mak vs way, in ballance right
That god with wonders works his might
And doth in ſleep, a meſſaeg ſend
(Vnto ſom purpoſe and ſom end)
To man whoes thoughts and doings boeth
He ſeeth and marks what path he goeth
Howe to reforn (I think bit beſt)
Whear I did leaue, and ſho the reſt

How

Now that, my hors that iomlyng iaed
To be at home ſutch labour maed
Yet muſt I nœds, now wonder how
This mouſtrous thyng could bear me thrw
But things in Dreams ye kno may fœm
That out of Dreams, no man will deem
As did this to, for who would think
(Or in his hed could let it ſinke)
That in the bowels of a beaſt
Thus I could ried, or at the leaſt
Now Hors away ſo faſt did trot
The dream would haue it ſo ye wot.
Now when to ſtable deer we cam
The royll ſtoed ſtill as any Lam
Then did I light and went my wey
Thear at the hors began to ney
Ye maed ſo lowd and ſhrill a ſownd
As though in ſunder ſhackt the grownd:
I neuer ſaw, in ſutch a heat
(Whan on the earth his fœt he beat.)
Ne beaſt nor man, nor lyuyng thyng
And as the bruit therof did ryng
Within your earrs you cam to ſe
What ruell and reuell this might be.
Wherwith the Hors agaynſt his kind
In reaſon did declaer his mind
And ſpake in order like a man
But when to talk the Horſe began
You mueſd and all your howſe eatch oen
That ſtill ſtod wondryng thear apon:
But loe he told his taell ſo well
And ſo reherſid euery dell
How I within his belly roed
That you than without moer aboed

In his behalf sayd vnto me
Is this an honest pranke of the
First to offende me as thou knoest
Than further in thy folly goest
And breaks the back of my poer hors
And after rydest in his cors
And not content with that fowl part
But here agayn, returned art
To set my hart, on anger moer
Perchance thou maist repent it soer.
This sayd, the Hors fell down stark ded
And to a nother world you fled
And left your wife your childe and all
To that which after might befall.
My frend thus gon (ey I) alas
Mans life is brittell as the glas
And with the greef that I did take
Out of my dreame I did awake.
And when at full I had it skand
I toke my pen and ynk in hand.
Yea ear I had put on my clocs
Or out of bed that day I rocs,
This did I write, this did I pen,
In sutch a plyght my hed was then
And by my troeth with no more time,
I wrate to you this barrayn rime,
Wherfore a shamd, I am to send
A matter now, so basely pend,
To any frend or learned man
That iudgment hath as well ye can
To the iudge and mend the faultes here in,
Or when the like is to begin
A better make, yet take in worth
Sutch fruit as my, baer tre brings forth

If sweeter appuls cowld it yeeld,
Than with sowre wieldings of the feeld
And sutch dry crabs, new faln from tree
You shuld not thus presentyd bee.
But whear thear groes no goodly figs
And springs hard breers and robbishe twigs
Out of sutch brambuls seek you not
No moer than of hedg weeds are got.
Howe shuld I hit in Chausers vayn
Or toutche the typ, of Surries brayn
Or dip my pen, in Petrarkes stiell
Sens conning lak I all the whiell
And baesly haue I byn brought vp
I neuer sipt on knoledg cup
Nor could com neer the troeth to tell
To drink a draught of that swete well
That springeth from Pernasoes hil
Wear I oens there to drink my fil
Or that fair fowntaine might I keep
Among the Poets thear to sleep
I wold so make my belly swell
With bibbing of thys worthy well
That eury word out of my brest
Shuld be a sentence at the least.
And eury sentence from my hed
Shuld way in weight, a pownd of led.
And eury lyen with pen I wraet
Shuld wear garland Lawreaet.
I mean my stiell shuld be so hie
That it shuld sho I sucked drie
Pernasoes spring, and mak men think
If euer Poets pen and ynke
Or well cowtcht liens did praies attayn,
My vers shuld eury tong constrain

Churchyardes dreame.

To giue me lawd but all a mis
And out of frame, the matter is
I neuer knue what mueſis ment
No gift of pen, the gods me ſent
But ſutch as in, wied wo;ld I fownd
And digged vp, in ſtoony grownd
Whear I do tomble, vp but ſtoens
And if I hap a mong the boens
Whear any Poet hath bin layd
Lo:d god than am I well a payd
And as good reliks I them hold
That is but Do;os, to ſpeak of gold
Though they alyue wear at my call
And I could not attain at all
No part of their deep ſecret ſkill
I ſhuld be but a bobblar ſtill
Yet bobbull fo;th I muſt nedsnowe
Fo; if I ſhould let goe the plowe
And bakward loke how I haue don
Than all wear mard I had begon.
Fo; as the fawts to mend I ſoght
I might in ſutch diſpair be b;oght
That I ſhuld fling the pen a ſyed
Shuld euery one that ſhoetteth wied
Giue oer the paſtime god defend
An artchars hand, may daily mend
A w;itars ſkill, may riepper be
The ſtombleth now, that wel may ſe
And fawll no whit, a nother daie
Alas poer ſoell, what do I ſay
To help my ſelf, as though thear might
Com vnto me, a cleerer light
Do no the muſt, is great I ſe
That is betwen the ſon and me

The blacke cloudes of vncomyng darke
Do couer cleare, the white or mark
I take to hit, I remember of
And hit a peece, but on that lock
Whear other cuts a cantell great
At knowledge doer I do but beat
And knock whan thowsands steppeth in
God knoes I cannot finde the gin
Nor may set hand, apon the latch
Yet take they as great payn that watch
To enter thear, as those I say
Whom lernyng shoes, the reddy way
But they deserue, the prayses moest
That knowledge wins, in any coest
And for my luck was neuer sutch
Taquaynt my self with knoledge mutch
I seeke no prayse, but thank I craue
For my goodwill, and for I haue
In Uerse setforth this dream at full
In deed I did no Fethers pull
From other Wyrds, to patch this pluem
But as in bed I had a ruem
Or fancie better might be naemd
So all this Dream, here haue I fraemd
Accordyng as in thought hit fell
Whearfore I pray you take it well.

Finis.

NOw noet you Redars of this Dream
And of the garment rip the seam
And se what lies in folds of cloeth
I mean marke how this matter goeth

Churchyardes dreame.

To giue me lawd but all a mis
And out of frame, the matter is
I neuer knue what muesis ment
No gift of pen, the gods me sent
But sutch as in, wied world I fownd
And digged vp, in stoony grownd
Whear I do tomble, vp but stoens
And if I hap a mong the boens
Whear any Poet hath bin layd
Lord god than am I well a payd
And as good reliks I them hold
That is but Dros, to speak of gold
Though they alyue wear at my call
And I could not attain at all
No part of their deep secret skill
I shuld be but a hobblar still
Yet hobbull forth I must needs nowe
For if I should let goe the plowe
And bakward loke how I haue don
Than all wear mard I had begon.
For as the fawts to mend I soght
I might in sutch dispair be broght
That I shuld fling the pen a syed
Shuld euery one that shoetteth wied
Giue oer the pastime god defend
An artchars hand, may daily mend
A writars skill, may riepper be
We stombleth now, that wel may se
And fawll no whit, a nother daie
Alas poer soell, what do I say
To help my self, as theghe thear might
Com vnto me, a cleerer light
No no the mist, is great I se
That is betwen the son and me

The black cloudes of vnconnyng darke
Do couer clean, the whit or mark
I seeke to hit, I roue far of
And biet a peece, but on that loef
Whear other cuts a cantell great
At knowledge doer I do but beat
And knock whan thousands steppeth in
God knoes I cannot finde the gin
Nor may set hand, apon the latch
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Accordyng as in thought hit fell
Whearfore I pray you take it well.

Finis.

NOw noet you Redars of this Dream
And of the garment rip the seam
And se what lies in folds of cloeth
I mean marke how this matter goeth

And how my Dream, against my mynde,
Owte force and vertue as I finde.
I dreamd I lost a frend in deed,
Yea such a frend, who now should raid:
Will say that I, a Jewell lost.
But now to speake, that sarueth most
Unto my dream, and purpose here
The same self day, the owre and yere
That I did dream, my frend was gon
(And he at layser lookt thear on)
The self same wark, he bad farewell
To all the woride, when passing bell
A witnesse was, to that a due.
For. rr. yeres, the man I knue
But if to me (good God would giue)
The grace that I ten shore should liue
I wear right suer, in all these daies,
To meet with noen, so worthy prayse.
O Harbert thou dost harber now
Whear I if I could compas how
Would haue a harbour for my barke
But thow in light, and I in darke
Are seured farre, the moer my doell
And suerrer harbred is thy soell.
In wicked woirld no harbor is,
The end of labor is owr blis
Whear Harbert hugs in Abrahams breft
And whear the choesen Lambs shall reft.

Finis.

A TAEL OF A FREER
and a ſhoemakers wyef.

IN Wacls thear is a boꝛrow town,
Carmarden bight the ſame:
Whear dwelt ſomtimes a luſty Freer,
I nede not ſho his name.
This Freer was fat and full of fleaſh,
a tolly myꝛry knaue:
Who with the goſſips of the town,
him ſelf could well behaue.
Thoes weithy wiues and thrifty daems,
could neuer mak good cheer:
Noꝛ well diſpuet of Peeters keis,
if abſent wear this Freer.
He ſaid his mattens in thear cares,
and goſpell at thear bed.
And ſpaerd no ſarues foꝛ the quick,
noꝛ caerred foꝛ the dead.
With abbotts ras and faering wel,
this Freer ſo wantton was:
That neither maid noꝛ married wief,
his Doꝛttour doer might pas.
With out ſom ſtop ſutch ſtaells he laid,
to make them ſtomble in:
That by his lyef men geſt he thought,
that letchꝛy was no ſyn.
A louing Freer good fellow like,
in thoes daes was he held:
In eury corner of the town,
good compnete owt he ſmeld.

And as ye kno in hauntyng longe,
all sortes of people thear:
He must finde out som baytyng place,
a Mistres fowl or fear.
A deyntie morsell for his toeth,
these Freers loud well to faer:
Though som were pleasd with cheesis stil,
som fownd a better shaer.
As did this honest brother in christ,
by gosseping about:
Who whan he wold a hakney ried,
had fownd a palfray out.
A nag mutch of a womans height,
that vsed for to bear:
Moer sacks perchance vnto the Myl,
than corn was griended thear.
I not declaer what trim consaits,
he gaue her all the whiell:
Ear he obtaind the thing he sought,
howe he his tong could fiell.
To talk and mince the matter well,
the better to disgeast:
And how full oft at morrow Masse,
his Mystres could he feast.
And after noen to gardens walk,
and gatherd Poesies gaie
And woer them cloesly in his cowll,
as he did saruis saie.
Nor can not shoe you half the feats,
he wroght to please his trull:
But those moest fit for you to read,
heer put in riem I wull.
A Shuemakar that held a Kon
farre from his dwelling place.

A farre

A faire wife had a good brown weantch,
and com of no il race.
Som sai of waggtails prætti foells,
a kindred great and good:
That knocs what shears wil sarue the torn,
when shoes will shaep a whood.
The cheef of this great lynnage leads,
thear liues like holly Nons:
That for releef in gadding time,
a bowt the cloister rons.
A catter wawlling ons a week,
in breath to keep them well:
Least virgins shuld som surffet tack,
when they lead aeps in hell.
This woman went not out of kind,
and suer for Simons sake
She vsd great deeds of charitie,
and mutch a do did make.
Saint Simon was a goodly man,
the Freer might so be cald
I towtch no further least he kick,
for suer his backe is gald.
A liue the man was many yeers
sens abbaies wear suprest:
And dwelt not farre from cardief town,
when written was this Jest.
But to my taell let me retorn,
this woman seldom faild
The morowe masse at fowre a clok,
to see how Christ was naild.
Vnto the croll to whom she kneeld,
with book and beads in fist:
And for deuoshion many times,
this gentill freer she kist.

At eury Pater noster whiell,
which was a preshoes thyng.
And Iesus how hit did her good,
to heer her lubbor sing.
And whan he torned about his face,
and looked throwe the queer:
She skrat her hed, she sat on pricks,
and crept the awter neer.
This costom kept she many daies,
the freer thear of full glad:
Yet still refard his other sport,
till better time wear had.
You must conceyue this mirry man,
in Ieasts and lyght consaits:
His hed was set and for the saem
full oft he laid his baits.
To lawghe and pas the time away,
such toyes he would deuise:
That few men for the mirth therof,
the matter could dispise.
Upon a day apeynted was,
this wife as was her vse:
Should early come to morrow Masse,
there might be made no skuse.
She kept her owre and hard she knokd,
without the Doctour doer:
The Frær cam forth and hacld her in,
and slang her on the floer.
Fie, fie, sir Frær she cried a pace,
but what should more be sed?
She was content to take her case,
and leap into the bed.
And as myne author doth declare,
the sownder for to slæpe:

Note.

She

She had no more apon her thoe,
than hath a shoeren shæp.
Syr Simkin had no poynts to lowse,
in Cowll and all he skips:
God send my Frær well forth agayne,
the Moen was in the clips.
How long he lay, or what he did,
in soeth I cannot tell:
But at the leyngth the Serten went,
and range the Serues bell.
The Frær wisht Rope about his neck,
the Mattens was begun.
That he that moern would sing or say,
and all the Lessons dun.
Yet vp he must for fear of check,
his course was com to ries:
The night before he tooke his rest,
to heale his bleared eyes.
A law there was within that howse,
who slept the saruis out:
In Fracttry should be hoyst full hie,
and whipt like bretchlesse lout.
Wherfore to tinder bore he stept,
and light a Sies in haest:
And as he gyrded knotted kord
full hard about his waest,
Lye still sayd he vnto his geast,
I must go take some payn:
And singe a Psalme within the queer,
but I will come agayne.
Out goes he then, that likte her not,
she durst not lie aloen:
For feare of buggs, thus leaue I now,
a bed this goodwise Joen.

And

And tell you howe in queer full lowd
this shauen kock he krocs
And drowned his fellows eury choen,
he sange so in the nocs.
But as he torned the plain song book,
full smoothly could he smiell
Yet noen of all the couent could,
perceyue him all the whiell.
To mend his mirth & make him lawghe,
a fancie fell in thought
He sawe the owner of the beast,
that he had ryd for nought.
The housband of the wife in deed,
that he in bed had laft
Who walkt with in the churche beneath,
all careleſſe of this craft.
Note. Be god thought he I wyll goe proue,
this man if he do knoe
His wife by measuring her foet,
or mark a pon her toe.
For if I so disceaue the foell,
and make the wyfe a ferd
He nor his wyef is near the wors,
a hear not of his berd.
And I shall mutch the better be,
and laughing haue at will
Thus eury way and be my luck,
I shall haue sport my fill.
Down went this good religeous man,
whear hornsby housband walkt
And cortchy made and down kt full lee,
and as he with him talkt.
I a haue (q he) known thee right longe,
and still the troeth to say

I haue

I haue thee founde a faithfull frend,
in euery kynde of way
A customar thou hast of me,
my Money I bestowe
On thee before all other men
that dwels within thy towe.
And to be playn I loue thee well
and playner now I am
Than giue good eare I shall declaer,
wherfore to thee I cam.
But wise and warely vse my words,
and kep my councell beeth
Thy promis is sufficient band,
I will no further oeth.
This man full well he knue his good,
who coxched to the grownd
Swet syr (q he) tell on your mind,
I am your beadman bownd.
Thou knowst my neybor men must liue
and haue a wentch somtime,
And we poer Freers must kep it clos,
for fear of open crime.
It wear a spot vnto our house,
a sklandor to our name
When we haue sport if all the world,
shuld vnderstand the same.
For god himself doth giue vs leaue,
as thou hast hard ear nowe
Althoughe the world we do dissceaue
in keping of our vowe.
I am to long in preaching thus,
and time I do abues,
I haue a wentch for whom thou must,
go make a pair of shues.

The fryers tale.

Let them be good, when I thee pay,
a penny more to boot
I shal the giue, I take (q) he,
the measure of her foot
Than boldly spake this bare foot Freer,
by God that shalt thou haue:
If thou kepe close and follow me,
els call the Frera knaue.
The streight playn path to Dotter than,
they tooke the way full right:
The Frer before, but you must note,
it was not full day light.
Wherfore the man cam farre behind,
the Frer went in a pace
And causd his wentch the others wife,
right close to hide her face.
When entred was this honest man,
put forth thy foot (q he)
The Frer I mean which at that time,
the bolder man might be.
She thrust her leg out of the bed,
but hed fast vnder cloes
She kept and curst the sauste Frer,
a hundreth times god knoes.
The workeman toke his measure well,
and had no further eaer
The Frer well laught within his sleeue,
thus pleased both they aer.
But how the wife contentid was,
let wyues be iudge here in:
That from their housbands bede somtim
in sutch like eace hath bin.
Yet let me shoe how she did quake,
and tremble all the whiell

And

And wisht the roeprip hangd full hie,
that did her thus begiell
And how for feare her body was,
on water eury part
Here after shall you kno likewise,
what hate was in her hart
Which for the time she couerd wel,
and near a word she spake
Her husband haested to his shop,
and so his leaue did take
I haue a payre of shues (q he)
(which I shall bring a non)
All reddy made for my wiues foet,
and hers I think both oen
Ye say the troeth good moem thought she,
the Frær hath playd the knaue
Make for your wife what shues ye list,
the measure twise you haue.
The Frær rons forth, ý man went hoem
the woman lay a space
As she had bin in swadlyng clowts,
and durst not sho her face.
When she had found her self aloen,
she roes and spædd did make
To be at home ear her goodman,
his breakefast cam to take.
As in her house she did ariue,
she bard the doer full fast
And burst a wœpyng like a babe,
and this she sayd at last.
O he shamles knaue, not pleasd to spoill
me of my wiuely fame
But at my fautes thy trantik hed,
must make therof a game

Tould

Could not my breatch of wedlockes band,
content thee but to spyt
Thou must deuise so leawd a fact,
my sayth wyth fealwd to quyt.
Howe dydst thou knoe, I durst not doer,
that towtched was so neer
I might haue skapt my housbands wyath,
but thou hadst bought it deer.
If I had spock as oens I thoght,
to do my fear was sutch
Thy folly had bin tentimes moer,
though mien were very mutch.
He might haue toke his wife again,
and knockt full well thy pact
And shaud thy crowne a nother sort,
than fawls for thien estact.
Or els he might haue shaemd vs boeth,
and so refused his wief
I coulo haue liud, but whear woldst thou,
haue led a Frears lief?
O beastly wretch that of thy self,
hast had so small regard
As for the knauery shewd to me,
I will it well reward.
Not for the mallice owe therfore,
but that I minde to leaue
Crample to thy fellows all,
how they their frinds disceaue.
Did I procuer thee to this deed,
did not thy Gospels swet
And momblyng oft make me beleue,
a Deuill was no spret?
Didst not thou seeke me euery owre.
to sho me thy good will,

And

And brought me grapes and goodly fruets,
among my gossips stil.
Thou carst not if ten couple of hounds,
did follow me full fast:
And I a For wear in the field,
sins now thy geer is past.
Did not thy fryzyng face full oft,
frame me thus to thy fist:
Than wast thou hot, now art thou cold,
or warms the whear thou list.
A warmyng place within the towne,
here after mayst thou lacke:
And mis perchance so meet a seat,
to drinke a cup of Sacke.
Thou kepst not sutch a diet still,
nor art not so precise:
But as the thirst doth com agayn,
thy appetite will ries.
I pray to God it be my lot,
to see thee at that stay:
So thus the woman held her peace,
and out she went her way.
Unto the market for to seeke,
sutch thinges as horwiues doe
You know that haue more skil than I,
what doth belong theartoe.
The poer man brought the Frer his shues
and thought no harm thearin:
And to his labour did return,
his liuing for to win.
His wief and he as they wear wont,
full quiet dayes did lead,
Ne near perceyued by her shue,
whear she awry did tread.

The fryers tale.

She went as vpright in the street,
and with as good a grace:
And set apon her follies past,
in deed as bold a face,
As she that neuer maed offence,
for custom breeds a law:
And maks them keep their countnance trim,
that ones haue brock a straw.
Well, all the winter passed forth,
this couple at their will:
The wief her counsell kept full close,
the poer man ment noen ill.
But as the spring cam on a pace,
the Freer wart wanton toe:
And fayn would nag, but credit loss,
he knue not whear to woe.
And so bethought him of the prank,
he playd in way of sport:
And sought to salue the soer agayn,
with words and medsons short.
So he deuiso amends to make,
and turn hit to a gest:
And thought to laugh the matter out,
as it was meet and best.
Note. And as by chance he met this wief,
god speed swart hart (q he)
I marueil why these many dayes,
you are so strange to me.
The Fowlers myery whistell now,
must needs betrap the bird:
The wielly wief now shaept her tong,
to giue the Freer agird:
Not strang (q she) but that in faith,
I did vnkindly take:

The

The part ye playd, and yet I thought,
it was for fauours sack
Or for som mirth, for if of spight,
it had byn wrought I kno:
I should haue had som shaem ear this,
but suer I finde not so.
I swear by good saynt Francis daem,
the trooth thou sayst in deed:
Wherfore let pas sutch follies old,
that may nue quarrels breed.
And be my frœnd thou hast good wit,
thou knoest now what I mean:
Let all old iests long gon and past,
be now forgotten clean.
The wief thus findyng fortuen good,
to compas that she would:
A gentill liemtwig gan she mak,
to take the Freer in hold.
Yet shaept to saue them harmles boeth,
from blot and worldly shaem:
And quit the knack, so she might laughe,
and haue thear at som gaem.
Well sir (quoth she) I kno at full,
the meanyng of your mind:
And would to God som honest way,
for you now I might find.
My husband haply may me mis,
if I should com to you:
Than our old fatches will not sarue,
we must deuies a nue.
A collour must the paynter cast,
on poests and patched wawls:
Who tacks away a stomblyng stock,
shall frely shaep from fawls.

The fryers tale.

A Jellows toye is taken soen,
a trifull breeds mistrust:
Great danger folows fowll delits
as sklander folows lust.
If will be won with worldly shaem,
the pleasuers torns to payn:
Whearfor we need a doble clock,
to keep vs from the rayn.
When that my husband is in shop,
if you the pains will taek:
To com vnto my howse betimes,
thear will myrry maek.
But com as soen and if youe may,
as any daie apeers:
The way ye knoe vnto my howse,
hit standeth by the freers.
I wyll sayd he, and sight thear with,
so wrong her by the hand:
But littell of the matter yet,
the foel did vnderstand.
As beettell brains are broght in breers,
before they se the snaer:
So this wise wodkok in a net,
was caught ear he was waer.
The time cam on, the Freer was there,
and vp the stayers he went:
A cup of Malmsie (q̃ the wife,)
now would vs boeth content.
The littell boy that is beneath,
shal soen go fetch the same:
Take money with thee q̃ the Freer,
so thus goes down the dame.
Unto the boy and bad him run,
vnto the shop aboue:

And

And bid his maister com in haest,
if he his wyef did loue.
For sick she was, but boy q she,
than trodg thowe for the drink:
O boy I fear that I shall sownd,
before thow com I thinck.
Out flings the lad, by goes the w
and at a windowe pride:
Untill at length farre of ful wel,
her husband had she spyde.
Alas go bied the quickly freer,
sayd she if that thow can:
For heer at hand I do not fain,
thear commeth my good man.
Heer is no corner to get owt,
ful woe is me ther foer:
Nowe shal we by our passtime deer,
and par for pleasuers soer.
Now all the myscheef wilbe mien,
because I haue the heer:
Nowe shall my honest naem be broght,
in question by a Freer.
Wel nowe thear is no nother shift,
but heer the bront to bied:
Creept that in this littel cheast,
thy self nowe canst thowe hied.
Nowe chues thow whether open blaem,
or secret prison sweet:
In theas erstreams and haest is moest,
for present myscheef meet.
The Freer to find som reddy help,
was pleasd and well a payd:
So in the cheast this great wies man,
is crept ful soer afraid.

She lokt the same, and clapt the keys,
close vnder bolstor suer:
So layde her down apon the bed,
and did soer fits enduer.
Or faynd to fœll about hir brest,
sutch grieps she sayd she felt:
The groening of the same did make,
her husbands hart to melt.
How now dœr wife, what ayleth thœ,
the simple soule sayd than:
Fie wief pluck vp a womans hart,
yea husband God knoes whan.
Quoth she if Aquauite now,
I drinke not out of hand:
I haue a stitch so soer godwot,
I can nor sit nor stand.
Thou hast a bottell in the house,
I daer well say ꝙ he:
Of aquauite laetly boght,
thear maye no better be.
Within thy cheast, where are thy keyes,
I kno not by my life:
Said she, you set moer by a lock,
than you do by your wief.
Ye wus and you wear sicke I should,
the locke right soen vp break:
That shalbe don (ꝙ he) you need,
therof no moer to speak.
A Hatchet toek he in his hand,
and stroek hit sutch a bloe:
The Chaember shaekt, the Freer he quaekt,
and stonk for fear and woe.
The Cheast with Iron barrs was bound,
which made the goodman sweat:

The

The Freer like doctor Dolt lay still.
in deed and danger great.
(And durst not stur for all the world,)
his corrage quite was gon:
The poer man had a pigin pock,
had he lockt well thear on.
The lock was good that knue the wief,
who baed her husband strik:
He layd on loed the frer with in,
that sport did littell lick.
At length the bands began to lowse,
the wife had eye therto:
She feard if he did strike agayn,
the locke would suer vndo.
Than thought she on a womans wiell,
which neuer fayles at nœd:
If Freer wear seen than was she shaemd
no, no, she tock moer hœd.
O hold your hand you kill my hed,
(q she) to heer you knock:
Now am I eas'd, great harm it wear,
to spill so good a locke.
My sutch is gon, than let me sleep,
and rest my self a wh ell:
The goodman went vnto his shop,
the wief began to smiell.
When she had sent away the boy,
all things in quiet wear:
She roes and went to ease the Freer,
that lay half dead for fear.
When resurrection who had seen,
must needs haue taught at least:
First how he lay, than how he lockt,
and trembled like a beast.

Now.

The fryers tale.

Nowe am I quit q̃ she sir Freer,
and yet you aer not shaemd:
And throw a woman who youe skornd,
your folly nowe is taemd.
This tael so ends and by the saem,
you se what Freers haue byn:
And howe theyr outward holly liues,
was but a cloek for sin.
Heer may youe se howe plain poer men,
that labors for thear foed:
Aer soen disseaud wyth sottel snaeks,
of wicked serpents broed.
Heer vnder clowd of matter light,
som words of weight may pas:
To make the leawd abhoer fowl lief,
and se them selus in glas.
Heer is no terms to stoer vp vice,
the writtar ment not soe:
For by the foill that folly taeks,
the wies may blotles goe.
The moer wee se the wicked plaegd,
and painted plain to sight
The moer we pace the paeth of grace,
and seek to walk vpright.

Finis.

THE SIEGE OF EDEN-brough Caſtell in the.xv.yeer *of the raigne of our ſoueraigne Lady* Queen Elizabeth, at whiche ſeruice Sir VVilliam Druery Knight was generall, hauyng at that time *vnder him, theſe Captaynes* and gentlemen folowyng.

¶ *The names of the Captaines that had chardge.*	¶ *The Gentilmens names.*
Sir Francis Ruſſell.	Sir George Carye.
Captayne Read.	Sir Henrie Lee.
Captayne Eryngton,	M. Thomas Cecyle.
maiſter of the ordināce	M Mighell Cary.
and prouoſt marſhall.	M. Thomas Sutton.
Captayne Pyckman.	M. Cotton.
Captayne Yakſley.	M. Kelway.
Captayne Gamme.	M. Dier.
Captayne Wood.	M. Tylney.
Captayne Caſe.	William Killigrue.
Captayne Sturley.	

A Cauſe fell out and brought in matters new
(And bluddy minds, ſet many a broyl a broetch)
So ſouldiers ſwarmd, and lowd they Trumpet blew
Whoſe ſounde did ſhoe, at hand did warrs aproetch
Than marſhall men, in coats of Iron and ſteell
With great regard, did waite on Cannon wheell
And in the feeld, a noble marteh they macde
To practiſe ſhot, and ſkowre the ruſty blade

But whan the campes, set foet on scottish ground
(Although the powre and crue was veri small)
They shaept them selues, at Drom and Trompet sownd
With push of Pyke, to giue the prowd a fall
The quarell good, the force redoubleth still
And bold attempt, maks way with boe and bill
It is not strength, alone that wins the goell
Wher currage coms, thear fortune deals her doell

A wonder great, to se so small a band
In forrayn soyll, to seek for any fame
I seldom heer, sutch matter taen in hand
That conquest gets, and skapeth free from blame
Bewaer I saye the men whoes minds aer good
And mark the plage, of thoes which sucketh bloed
Gainst thorns they kick, that rons to wilfull spoyll
Thear consiens prick, that giue iust folk a foyll

O Neroes broed, O blody butchars biell
That striketh down the heds that helds you vp
O wicked Snacks, O Serpents full of wiell,
That Nector brings, yet giues a poysned cup
O Syrens fals, that swietly sings a charm
That spoyls your selus, and doth your cuntrey harm.
O people vayns, that cuts the branches downe
That stayes your staet, and still mentayns your crowne.

Your dealyngs rash, and wretched reuels rued
With sticks did steer, from hiue the quiet Bees
Your gracles hands, in giltlesse bloed imbrued
Was in sutch sort, dudaynd of all degrees

That

That nǽds muſt com, ſom force with mayn and might
To take vp wrongs, and ſet your ſtaet aright
The cut throet knef, in sheath could seldom reſt
Sutch miſchef lorkt, and lodgd in lawleſſe breſt

Ne neyther ſpard, the hieſt hed nor ſort
The cheefeſt branch, nor yet the meaneſt ſpray
But in your rage, to ryue vp all by roet
At falleſt prime, ye ſoght the reddieſt waie
But he that holds, in hand the horſis rain
Whan ſteed bolts owt, rawls bayard back a gain
And ſo god ſent, amid your retchles raeg
A quenſching cool, your fury to a ſwaeg

Two Regents ſlayn by ſedicius parſons ear this broyll began.

Of zeall and loue, to knit your harts in peace
And ſtop the ſtream, that oer the banks did ron
A noble queen, whoes lief our lord encreace
A ſtiklar was, ear greater greef begon
But ſtordi minds, ſtood ſtifly in thear cace
Tyll feble force, gaue roering cannon place
Than fall in ſort, they clapt them ſelus with ſpeed
And maed defence, to ſaue the preſent need.

A caſtell ſtrong, that neuer noen aſſayld
A ſtrength that ſtood, on mowntt and mighti rock
A peerles plot, that all waies haeth prevayld
And able was, to ſufer ani ſhock
The enmie choes, and ſuer the ſeat was Sutch
That might harm all, and feaw or noen cowld tutch
And thought to be, the only fort of faem
Moſt meet and fit, to bear a maidens naem

Yea

Yea sondrie kynges, with sleight did seeke her spoyll
And threatned oft, to throe her in the dust
But non could boest, he gaue this mayde a foyll
With labour lost, she sarud their gredy lust
And still she stoed, like sun among the starrs
(Lyke pucell puer, a perll in peace and warrs)
Which would not suer, be bought for gold nor good
Nor yet well won, without great losse of blood.

This lofty seat, and lantern of that land
Like Loed starre stoed, and lockt oer eury street
Whearin thear was, a stout sufficient band
That furnisht wear, with corrage wit and spreet
And wanted nought, that sarud for their defence
Or could in fien, repulse their enmies thens
Well stoerd with shot, yea suer boeth good and great
That might far of, at will the cuntrey beat.

The Castell stoed, so strongly, noet it well
Thear was no way, but one taprotche the same
And that self thing, was suer a second hell
For smothryng smoke, for shot and fiery flame
It skowrd the streets, and bet the houses down
And kept in awe, catch faen wit in the town
Nee man nor child, could stoer in oppen sight
But they wear suer, apon som shot to light.

With thondryng noyes, was shot of roeryng Meg,
And throw the thickst, she thompt orethawrt the waies
And whearshot lyght, hit shaud of aerm or leg
As thoughe an are, had cut down lyttell sprayes

The

The Bullets ſtill cam whizzyng by their cheeks
That prowld about, and ſodain danger ſeeks
Here groened oen, and there another lies
That went to farre, or whear blind bullet flies

The liuely flock, that daer do mutch in deed
Do catch a clap, ear cauſe requiers the ſaem
So ſom perhaps, for want of takyng heed
Did feell the laſh, as flie that fauls in flaem
But whan of force, they muſt the battrie plant
The Soldiar ſhoes, he doth no corage want
Som beat the lowps, ſom ply the walls with ſhot
And ſom ſpy out, whear vantage may be got.

For ſaeftie ſack, of futch as lay abroed
A trentch was maed, to hold the emnye ſhort
With powlder ſtill, thear peeces faſt they loed
To ſkowre the place, whear ſoldiars did reſort
Now might you ſe, the heds flie vp in ayre
Now clean defaeſt, the goodly buildyngs fayre,
Now ſtoens faull down, and fill the emptie dikes
And luſty laads, auance the armed Pickes.

Nowe cannons roerd, and bullets bownſt lyk balls
Nowe throwe the throng, the tronks of wieldſier flue
Nowe totrung towrs, tvcpt down with rotten wawls
Nowe ſom pakt hens, that neuer ſaid a duc
Nowe men wear known, and corraeg plaid his part
Nowe cowards quaekt, and corſt all ſoldyars aert
Nowe catch deuice, of death was dayly ſought
And noble faem, and lief was deerly bought

Yet

Heer must you noet, how they with in that hold
In warlyk sort, a counter battry maed
And on thear braus, began to be so bold
They thought to lern, our men a fyenner traed
(In vsing shot, and planting cannons thear)
So hoeping thus, to put our camp in fear
They plyed a pace, thear practies eury way
With yron bawls, to mak the soldyars play.

And grazing oens, apon a peece we had
They droue a way som gonnars from thear place
At vew thear of, the enmies wart so glad
They slowtly stoed a gainst vs face to face
Note. What ruell is this, q̃ than or generall streyght
Whear aer theas ladds, that slynks a way by sleyght
He skarce desarus, to wear a soldiors coat
That haeth in deed, his dueti thus forgoet

But loe the bront, of mischeef was so great,
A feawe or noen, godwot did that they oght
He seing that, stept in a mid the heat
And in his hand, a smoking lyntstock broght
And so gaue fier, to shoe howe coraeg must
His credit saue, whan he is put in trust
A part well plaid, a passing point of skill
That tries great mind, and blaesseth mutch good will

The gonnars than, shot of a ringing peall
Of cannons great, and did sutch cunning shoe
That eury man, might se what loue and zeall
And good regard, they had to contry thoe

For

For in ſmal time, ſo neer thear mark they weent
That ſtreight as lien, in cannon mowth they ſent
A ſhot of owrs, that full twelue intches bears
Which all to toer thear peece a bowt thear ears.

That cut the coms, of many a bragging kock
That brock the gawll, or gawld the hors to ſoer
That was the keye, or knak that pickt the lock
That maed ſom mues, that tryumpht mutch before
Yea that was hit, that mard thear market quit
And dawnted had, thear harts in great deſpit
For after this, they gan to ſtep a back
And ſawe at hand, cam on thear ruen and wrack

A littell harm, doth breed a great miſtruſt
A ſimple ſtorme, maks ſom on ſeas full ſick
A feeble poef, of wind doth raies vp duſt
A littell ſalue, full ſuer can towtch the quick
A ſmal attempt, maks mighty matters ſhack
A ſilly ſpark, a ſoddain fyer doth make
An eaſi proef, brings hard miſhaps to pas
As this declaers, whear all theas myſchecues was

The happy ſhot, that brack their peece in twayn
Diſcoraegd clean, the bolones of our foes
When battails Join, in feeld and open playn
Full ſoen is ſeen, whear that the conquеſt goes
For vnto ſatch, that ſuer and ſtowtly ſtand
Good fortuen coms, in torning of a hand
Yea whan mans force, doth faint and feble ware
Down weapons goe, and ſtreight they torn thear backs.

And

And set the world, agoyng oens a due
It is mutch like, a stream that hath no stay
To late comes wit, to giue them corrage nue
That fear before, hath taught to run away
What would you more, the Skots did hast them thens
Wheare first they stode, and sought to make defence
And cloesly kept, the Castell as they might
Not willyng oft, to come in open sight

Yet ear these things, could well be brought to pas
With baskets byg, and thinges to sarue the turne
A crosse the street, a trauers made there was
Whiels for a shift, wet straw and hey did borne
And for to plant, som playing peeces thear
A Mount was raysd, which kept the foe in fear
The Gunners suer, thear dueti throwly did
And at that tied was no mans saruyce hid

The enmies lockt, for sucker out of france
Or help at hoem, if matter so fell out
For diuers thyngs, might drop to them by chance
That reason thought, wear hard to bryng a bout
For hoep denyes, that hap or hazard bryngs
Good luck is swift, as swallow vnder wings
And thoghe at first, hit coms not that we craue
At last som help, by fortuen men may haue.

Thear frinds far of, and propps at hoem lykwies
With great afairrs, soer greued wear the whiell
And france ye knoe (whear blod for vengance cries)
Had mutch a doe, for wikked murthers vyell

A matter

A matter ſtrange, that nowe I muſt ſkip oer
To wryte at full, of things I ſpack befoer
Thus in extremis, the Skots did ſtand with in
Doer lik to loes, than yet to ſauc or win

For eury day, our men did creep ſo neer
And bet the wawlls ſo flat vnto the grownd
That in ſhort time, thear durſt not one apeer
To mack defence, or at the breatch be fownd
Yet ſtowtly long, and with mutch manhood booth
In danger great, they ſtood I tell you trooth
And kept thear ſtrength, as fayly as they mught
Though all in vain, they toyled day and night

In eury part, they wear ſo throwly plyed
With ſoldiars ſleyghts, with ſhot and ſharp aſawt,
That in the end, they wear full fain to hied
Thear heds from bobs, in hollow caues and bawt
Firſt did they loes, the Sporre a place full ſtrong
Which ſoer anoid, the town and ſoldiars longe
And driuen thens, they wear in fine right glad
To keep ſutch ſhowp, as eaſly might be had.

The Sporre was a ſtrog peece of ſtony work.

A kind of ſhot, that we great bombards call
Did bee thear wits, and brought mutch fear in deed
And whear that hueg, and mighty ſtoen did fall
In weaklings brains, it did great wonders breed
A Princis powre, doth many a practies ſhoe
Beyond the reatch, of common peoples boe:
And whan their harts, aer daunted with denice
Their corrage thoe, is held of littell price.

And sondrie drifts, with out aer put in ebr
Whan they with in, do dwell on dreedfull dowts
Who is betrapt, in penfold clocs is suer
At need to want, a broed boeth ayd and skowts
And subiect still, to mutins and reuolt
And willfull ladds, and youth as wield as colt
In whom whan toyes and sodain mischeef sawls
They threat to fling, thear captains oer the wawls

Thoghe wies and waer, the cheef and leadars be
Yet rued and raesh, the roeslinge roistarrs aer
And whan in fort, the bands ran not a gre
The soldiars ware, as mad as is martch haer
Now do they Iarr, than murmor mues and skowll
And fall from words, to brawls and quarrels fowl
And shonning death, do seek thear lius to saue
By any means, and way that they may haue

Whan sutch vproerrs, is raiesd and set a gog
Thear folows streight, a storm and flawe of wind
Than som perforce, must lern to leap the frog
And lyght full loe, for all thear lofty mind
The danger drius, sutch diulyshe nayels in hed
That throw displayr, mans hoep is streken dead
Thear might by chance, for any thing I knew
Sutch byells borst out, among the skotish crue

Our meipnts wear maed, so mutch to our a vaill
Our Gonnarrs cowld, dismownt what peece they wold
No maruell thoghe, thear harts with in dio quaill
Who did at hand, thear own decay behold

Thear

Thear powlder faild, thear water wared ſkant
Thear hoep is ſmall, that doth munithon want
When with warm bloed, the waeter cold is boght
Death maks diſpatch, and ſells the lief for noght.

In ſom great need, the caſtell ſtood that time
When on the breatch, our ſhot and cannons plaid
And for thaſſault, we had not far to clime
For mutch to doe, when things wear wietly waid
Saue that eatch wight, that led his felows on
Hockt all for faem, when breth and lief was gon
And frankly ſwoer, to die or win the ſeat
Or pas the picks, by ſword and dangers great

A fre conſent, of faithfull ſoldiars than
Among the cheef, was fownd by bewe of face
A ſawlt aſawlt, cried cury forward man
The day is owers, we will poſſes the place
Or leaue our boens, and bowells in the breatch
Tys time cp they, to charge and not to preatch
Diſpuet no moer, the greateſt dowt is paſt
Lets win or loes, ſens now the dice aer caſt

With that cam in, the generall full of Joye
And th nkt them all, that to the aſawt wold goe
As you this daye, cp he your lius employ
In ſarues of, our noble queen ye knoe
So if I liue, my pors, my powr and all
(To ſaue your torns) ſhall reddy be at call
Thaies happy is, that captain ſuer in deed
That haeth in camp, ſutch ſoldiars at his need

A ſhowt full ſhrill, as lowd as Larum bell,
In Trench, in Tent, and Town throw out a roes,
The Skots enclocſd, that ſat like ſnayl in ſhell,
By bruct of this, their fatall deaſtny knoes,
And findyng voyd, they hoop and connyng clean
They thought it beſt, for lick to mack ſom mean
And rather yeld, (ear ſwoord, the matter tried)
And ſuffer ſhaem, than ſo aſſaut to bied.

Yet diuers proues, wear maed the breatch to bew,
And ſom wear ſlayn, that did aſſayl the ſaem
And whan our men, therof the ſecrets knew
And found the way, to put eatch thing in fraem
A band or two, with ſom of right good race
(When Drom did ſound), did forward marteh apace
And firſly bent, reſolued leſſe and moer
To win the Fort, or loes their liues thearfoer.

Now noble mynds, ſtept out in formoſt rank
And ſkorn to be, the laſt ſhould giue a charge
His hap was beſt, that could deſarue moſt thanke,
And might by death, his contreys faem enlarge
But he moeſt viell, that could no valuer ſhoe
And he embraſt, that to the breatch would goe
A time was com, to trie who triumpht moeſt
Who took moeſt payns, and who did brag and boeſt.

And in effect, the ſoldiars all wear glad,
To mak ſhort work, and ſe what hap wold doe
But as I ſaid, when that our enmies had
Well waid theas things, and pawſd apon hit toe

They

They wear content, in plain and simple sort
Unto our queen, to yeld and giue the fort
Loe heer how soen, the strong becoms full weak
And out of sharp, fly cocks and so crie creak

THE PRAYES of our Souldiars.

WOuld god my pen, might be your tromp of faem
To sownd the praies, that you deserued thear
O marshall men, that seeks but noble naem
Ye ought of right, be honord eury whear
To you I speak, on whom the burthen lies
Of warrs and doth, by sword and saruice ries
Who spaers no charg, nor pain in princis right
When tract must stand, by stowt and manly fight

Your harts aer sutch, you hact at hoem to bied
When any bruet, or voyce of warrs is hard
I shaemd in street, on foet cloth heer to ried
When forward minds, in feele shuld be prefard
And shorning pomp, and piuishe pleasurs vain
For true renolune, ye treedg and toyll a main
Whear danger dwels and heapps of hazards ar
And hardnes great, you find with hongrie faer

Yon ward the day, and watch the winters night
In frost, in reld, in son and heat also
Yon aer so bent, that labor seemeth light
And in the steed, of ioy, you welcom woe

A prayse of Souldiors.

For wealth you taek, ſuch Want as doth be fall
Not ſhonning gereef, but taſting ſorrows all
Moer glad todie, than liue with blaem or blot
Moeſt redy ſtill, whear leaſt is to be got

And leaſt eſteemed of all the men that liues,
(Lik hackney hors, caſt of when torn is larud)
Yet aer you thoes, that greateſt honor giues
(If world may iudg, what ſoldiars haue dezarud)
Unto your prince, for you aer paell and park
To keep the deer, and lanterns in the dark
To ſhoe them light, that ells at plain noon daye
Might ſtomble down, or ſleely ſhrink a waye

Who bieds the bront, or who bears of the bloes
But you a loen, yea who doth ſho his face
In time of need, a mong our forrain foes
Or boldly ſaith, let me ſuplye your place
Toeſhe thats a taell, was neuer hard nor ſeen
That any one, to ſerue a king or quen
Did ſtriue with you, or ofred half ſo much
For faem as they, who now theas verſys tutch

Whearfore ſtep out, and bear a branch of bayes
In ſien of world, the victors ſuer you aer
For this I knoe, in right reſpect of praies
And worthy lawd, may noen with you compaer
You may be calue, the awfull marſhall band
The iewels gaye, and garlands of the land
The buds of faem, and bloſoms of renowme
The contreys horp, and beawty of the crown

Now

Now muſt you mark, I mean not hierlings heer
Nor ſommer birds, and ſwallows for the time
That wagis tacks, and ſarus but oens a yeer
And ſprowts a whiell, as flowrs do in the prime
But thoes whoes minds, and noble manners ſhoes
In peace and warr, loe thear a ſoldior goes
Of lief moeſt cleer, of deed and word full Juſt
In triall ſtill, a man of ſpeſhall truſt

Nota

Finis.

THE VVHOLE ORder howe oure Soueraigne Ladye *Queene Elizabeth, was receyued into* the Citie of Bristow, and the speaches spoken before her presens, at her entry, with the residue of verses and matter that might not be spoken (for *distance of the place*) *but sent in a boek* ouer the Waetter.

At the hie Crosse in a disgised manner stoed Faem, very orderly set forth, and spoke as followeth, by an excelent boy.

NOt fleet of foot, nor swift of wyng,
nor skarce the thought in brest:
Nor yet the Arrowe out of Boe,
nor Wynde that seld doth rest.
Compaers with me quick worlds report,
that som calls Flyng Faem:
A bruet of prayes, a blast of pomp,
a blazer of good naem.
The only lawd that Kyngs do seek,
a Joy to catch estaet:
A welcom frend that all men loues,
and noen a liue doth haet.
Salutes the Queen of naer renowne,
whose goodly gifts deuien:
Throw Earth and Ayre with glory great,
shall passe this tromp of mien.
And knowyng of thy commyng heer,
my duetty bad me goe:

Before

Before vnto this present place,
the nues therof to shoe.
No soonner was pronownst the name,
but Baebs in street gan leap:
The youth, the age, the ritch, the poer,
cam runnyng all on heap.
And clappyng hands, cried maynly out,
O blessed be the owre:
Our queen is comming to the town,
with princely trayn and powre.
Than collors cast they oer the wawls,
and deckt old howsis gaye:
Out flue the bags a bout asayrs
that long a hording laye.
A sid they set thear townishe trashe,
and works of gredy gayen:
And torned thear toils to sports and mirth,
and warlike pastimes playn.
As shalbe seen to morn in feeld,
if that your highnes pleas:
Whear ductie hath deuised by art,
a shoe on land and seas
To vtter matter yet vnknown,
that shall explayned be:
By sutch dom sights and shoes of war,
as thear your grace shall se.
Thus subiects means to honor prince,
whoes sight they haue enioyd
Moest glad bit is thear hap to haue,
thear saruice so employd.

¶ Than FAEM flang vp a great Garland,
to the reioysyng of the beholders.

At the next Gaet, and neer her highnes lodgyng stoed. iij. other boyes, called *Salutacion*, *Gratulacion*, and *Obedient goodwil*, and, ij. of these boyes spake as follows, and all they three drue theyr swords whan it was named, the hoel staet is reddie to defend (agaynst all dissencions) a pesable Prynce.

Salutacion the first boy.

ALl hayll, O plant of grace,
and speshall sprout of faem:
Most welcom to this Western coest,
O Perll and princely daem.
As loe, a custom is,
whear humble subiects dwels:
When Prince aprocheth neer their vew,
for ioy to ryng their bels.
So all that beareth lief,
in Bristow now this day:
Salutes the Queen from deepth of breast,
with welcom euery way.
And wee poer silly boyes,
that cam from skoell of laet:
Reioyce and clap our hands withall,
as members of thy staet.
Our dueties heer to shoe,
and further moer in deed:
Thear is a cause whearfore we say,
thy helpyng hand we need,
Heer is O mightie Queen,
in way of myrth and sport:
A matter moud tween Peace and warre,
and therfore buylt a Fort.

Dissenshon

Dissenshon breeds the brawll,
and that is Pomp, and Pried:
The Fort on law and order stands,
and still in peace would bied.
The Warrs is wicked world,
as by his fruet is seen:
The Fortres representith peace,
and takes thy part O Queen.
It seems the Gods haue sent,
in this great quarell now:
A noble Judge that shall with speed,
decied the matter throw.

Gratulation the second boy.

YEa suer this is a sien,
that all the gods aboue:
Taks part with vs and freely heer,
doth men and childern loue.
In sutch a sharp conflyct,
to send so suer a staye:
That shall surseace Bellonas brags,
and end our fearfull fray.
A sottell Snack of laet,
with sopple sugred words
Haeth sleely crept in brestes of men,
and drawn out naked swords
And with his wrangling taells,
haeth stoerd vp strife ynoughe:
And drawn the marchant from his traed,
and plowman from the ploughe
Disenshon is his naem,
that all this mischeef breeds

Who

Who still with drosse and roemish dregs,
blinde peoples humour feeds:
And maks them mortall sick,
and sway somtims a sied:
With wicked warrs, and wilfull brawls,
that should with peace abied.
But yet O peerles Prince,
a true and loyall flock:
Agaynst the prowd presomtuous minds,
are bent to stand the shock.
And swears by sacred Gods,
not oen within this soyll:
But reddy aer with losse of lief,
to giue thy foes a foyll.
For proef the feble youth,
and baebs of tender aeg:
Daer draw their swords, in this attempt,
to corb disorders raeg.
Sens Englands hoep is com,
to payse these things in brest:
We daer not stay her longer heer,
whose trauell craueth rest.

¶ *Obedient good will*, the thyrd boy, who could not speak time was so far spent.

YEt if the Prince wold stay, or if men might make choice
Of oen no bigger than my self, to speak in Cities voice
I would declaer in deed, what deep desier they haue,
To spend their goods, their lands & lius, her staet in peace to
But sens the time is short, & Prince to lodging goes saue
I say god bles our Queen ẏ glus, the whit & fayr red Roes.

¶ After

¶ After theſe ſpeeches wear ended. iij. hondreth Soldiors well appoynted, wayted on her highnes to her lodgyng, and thear she beyng ſetled, they ſhot of thear peeces in paſſyng good order, at which warnyng the great Artillery went of, a hundred and. xxx. caſt peecis, and ſo the watche charged, and a hundreth shot apoynted for her Gard, her highnes reſted that night, whear she lay all the ſeaſon in ſir Iohn Yongs houſe.

¶ *A Fort was made beyond the water in a ground fit for that purpoſe, and to the ſaem as a frind (called* Feble Pollecie) *ioyned a littell* Baſtillion, *builded on a hil, which was not ſtrong by reaſon of the weak mayntenance belonging ther vnto, to the which piel the Soldiours of the main fort did repayre, now muſt be vnderſtood that diſſenſion paſſyng between wars and peace (warrs beyng placed in ſight) had ſertayn ſpeeches as follows, which ſpeeches could not be ſayd in the heeryng of the prince, wherfore they wear put into a boek, and preſented as heer after you ſhall kno.*

Diſſencion to the Citie to moue them to arms, hath his ſpeeches as theſe things wear don in action.

¶ The Sonday next the Queen went to the Colledge, to heer a Sarmond, whear thear was a ſpeetch to be ſayd and an Imme to be ſonge, the ſpeeche was left out by an occaſion vnlooked for, but the Imme was ſonge by a very fien boye.

¶ The Speech at the Colledge.

You

YOu subiects that desierd to se,
this gladsom preshos Jeam:
Behold lo heer the only Joye,
and iuwell of the Ream.
A Prince in dœd of princely minde,
that Princis loues and fears:
Whose passyng hed, yea all the staets,
of christen princis bears.
And throughly sees and locks into,
as though a man might say:
Heer is the toutchstoen for the Gold,
the Piller, Prop, and stay.
Of eury region far or neer,
that to vs neyghbors aer:
How mutch is this poer Colledg bound,
in naked buildyngs baer.
For to receyue so bright a Star,
as clouds can skarce contayn:
Who for to se so small a Sell,
hath taken so great payn.
The Pieps and Organs of our harts,
shall yeld thee thank therfore:
By sound of Psalm, and sollemp Immes,
yea could poer Præsts do moer.
The Musicke that thy Chapel maks,
should be so sweet and shrill.
Might lull a sleep the Musis all,
and shack Pernasoes hill.

The Songe.

O Happy ower of blis,
O Colledg thou dost se:
The shado gon, the substance com,
nay Sun doth shien on thee.

Away

Away you boſum Sracks,
that ſowes diſſenſhon heer:
Go make your neaſts, whear Serpents breed,
this ſoyll and coelt is clear.
Enchant no man with charms,
ye ſhall receyue check mact:
If that you play with paltring pawns,
before ſo great a ſtact.
She hateth Hidras heds,
and lous the harmles mind
A foe to vice, a frend to grace,
and bent therto by kind
Which grace and graſhos god,
now gied her whear ſhe goes:
With treble grace throw troblous time,
to tread on all her foes.

¶ A ſkafold the next day was ſet vp ful ouer agaynſt the Fort, and the Prince beynge placed, the ſpeeches shold haue bin ſpoken for the better vnderſtanding of the deuiſed triumphe, ſo you muſt heer the ſpeeches or els shal you be ingnorant of the hoel matter.

Diſſenſion to peace (which was the mayn Fort) ſpeaketh in a furie theſe words that follow.

O People vayn, that ſpends in peace your dayes
To prowl about, for pens and piuiſh peall
And maks no count, of Facm and poblik prayes
So eatch man liues, like Prince within him ſelf.

And

And so posses, the pleasiers on this mold,
The Juwels braue, the gay and gluttryng gold,
You cace not what, great glozy elders won
Noz who at first, the wozthy warres begon.

You sleep and snozt, in sweet perfumed sheets,
And hug your heds, in harber warm and gay,
Whearby in deed, ye haue sutch heauy spzeets,
You can not se, the goodly sunny day,
No though the clouds, the Son, the Moen and al
Wear reddy now, apon your heds to fall,
You wold not, mone, noz sack your selus to saue
On dozsse and dong, sutch dap desiers you haue.

You heer not how, the enmies at your noes,
Aer bp in aerms, and cawls your cowards still
You caer not mutch, abzoed how matters goes
Whan that at hoem, ye want no wealth noz will
Clap cozrage on, and cast long gowns aside
Pluk bp your harts, and fling down pomp and pzide
Make Ioell hands, and heds in heels that lurk
Foz wozthy lawd, com fozth and learn to wozk.

A cozslet fien, is wozth ten skarlet geowns
A blast of faem, so:mounts all things you wear
Call lusty ladds, to spend your spared crowns
The warrs apzoetch, tis time the boyes wear thear
If you abied, at hoem till Cannon s roer
The plaetter coms, to laet to salue the soer
Speak downe the banks, that holds the water in
First drik thy foe, and so the bzawll begin

But

Put fyer to ſtrawe, and make the fornayes hot:
And bid them crie, that borns thear fingers firſt
Yea caſt on wod, to boyll the browes pot
And let them ſtarue, that wants to coell thear thirſt:
When world is wield, and all is ſet a gog
A mans a man, and than a doggs a dogg:
Aduiſe you now, my dwelling is not heer
I muſt pack hens, another ſtern to ſteer.

¶ Now diſſenſion went to the warrs which was ſet out in open vew (with all orders of marſhall manner) and ſpake as follows.

GIue ear good macts, and mark full well,
the tidings that I bring:
For I wilbe a larum bell,
that in your earres ſhall ring.
A peſtlens peall of rumor ſtrang,
that flies throw many a land:
The plain report whearof remains
in me diſſenſhons hand
If I keep cloes that I do knoe,
and ſtoer no clapper now
The hargaboz, the bill and boe,
will ſcartch your corrage throw
Truſt this for trueth that peace is bent,
to trus vp ſoldiors all:
Wealth wil no warrs, peace is ſo prowd,
the people fears no fall.
They bragg and boeſt thear treaſuer can,
torn catch thing how they liſt:
For eury ſtaet is wone with wealth,
as hawk ſtowps don to fiſt.

D. Arms

A mas of gold will purchace peace,
and mak wield wantons tacm:
If warrs wear wod and wared mad,
and hot as fiery flacm:
Peace ruells the earth, and wrings thear thombs
that raging reuell mals:
Yea play what gacm ye list they saye,
that peace doth swep the flacks:
Peace is the prince that gouerns all,
and saith a fig for war:
Yea peace will put you all in pownd,
and mak you stand at bar.
Peace tells you reges, and swashing dicks,
that stand apon your braues:
A swarm of wasps, a flok of wolus,
a neast of theeus and knaues
That lus by sporll and murthers biell,
and triumps still in bloed.
And haue sutch hot and greedy minds,
you thrll for neibors goed.
The Trompets lowd that slaughter sownds,
and drums with rombling noyes:
Was neuer maed for men of peace,
but rather fit for boyes.
They saye whoes childhoed liks fond bruets,
and lous sutch trifling toyes:
Will you that kingdoms conquerd haue,
be now subdued by peace
Shall seuill swains to loethsom gaiell,
lead men lik doggs in leace.
Shall pluyth peace and peple weak,
oer com the soldiour stout:
Shall lortrarrs lewd lik rebells raill,
and manhoed war a lowt

Ah fie for ſhame ſet hand on ſword,
in your behalf I bloeſhe.
Bid trompet ſownd aduance the pick,
and giue prowd peace a poſh.

¶ *On thoes words was warres in ſutch a ſtoer that you might ſe the feeld all ouer ſpred with ſoldiors. and ſo they martched down a hill and maed a goodly ſhoe full againſt the littell fort (cald* Feble pollecie) *and repolſing in al the* ſoldiours *of the ſame. wan it with great fury, and ſo raſed it and ouer thrue hit down to the earth.*

¶ The mayn Fort in the meean whiel did ſend ſutch ſuckor as they might, but preuaylyug not, they wear in like ſort driuen back, and their Fort beſeged, and mutch adoe about the ſaem, which droue out that day, and than by Tortchlight the Prince from her Skaffold, went to her lodgyng, and in the mean ſeaſon ſom fier works wear ſeen, and ſo the watch was charged.

¶ *The ſecond day was thear maed a nue aproetch to the mayn* Fort, *for a better order of warre & to the ayde of the* Fort, *cam diuers gentilmen of good callynge from the* Court, *which maed the ſhoe very gallant, and ſet out the matter mutch.*

¶ Now ſarued the tied and vp the water from Kyngroed cam three braue Galleys, chaſing a Ship that cam with Vittayls to the Fort, the Fort ſeyng that their exſtremitie within was great, ſent a Gentil-

man to the Prince for aid, who brought her a boek couerd with green Veluet, which vttred the hoell substance of this deuice, the gentilmā had a spech of his own makyng, as follows, after he had swam ouer the water in som danger Cloes and all, he spaek his part to the Prince.

M. Iohn Robarts of the Temple.

ESkaept from waltryng waues,
from sword and fier, and enmies sleight:
From storms and sturdy flaws,
from roeryng shot and fearfull fight.
I com to quiet land,
whear noble Prince doth pastims vew:
And bryng a boek in hand,
of all the shoes, and matter trew.
That must by practies pas,
before your highnes as it fauls:
And suerly sent I was,
by those that keeps your warlike wauls.
To craue your curteys ayd,
in their defence that peace desiers:
Whoes staet is maed afrayd,
by fals dissenshons kindled fiers.
As your poer people haue,
throw peace possest great gayn and good:
So still sutch peace they craue,
as may avoyd the losse of blood.
As heer I cam a mayn,
so haue I promesd if I may:
For to retorn agayn,
throw salt sea foem the saem self way.

¶ So

¶So he departed, and all this while the buſineſſe was greate aboute the fort, (whiche hazarded the gentilmans lief) and in a wõders brauery the broyll continued, with a ſhoe of fight on Land and Sea, till the very night approtched, at which time the Prince partted and ſtood maruelouſly well contented with that ſhe had ſeen.

¶Now muſt you conceyue that Warres (with blodsheds, mizeries, and other horly borlees) waxt a weery & that neither the Fort, nor the wickednes of the world (which Warres repreſented) was deſirous of further trobuls, but rather glad to haue the matter taken vp in any reſonable condicions, for the which purpoſe was deuiſed that *Perſwaſion* ſhould go and tell his taell, and vnfold what follies and conflicts riſes on Ciuill broyls, and what quietneſſe coms by a mutual loue and agrement. This perſwaſion had a ſpeech, as hereafter follows.

Perſwaſion to the Citie, called the *Main fort.*

NO greef ſo great, nor ſoer ſo mutch,
but finds at length ſom reſt:
As Warrs begins by wrath of God,
ſo Peace is counted bleſt.
Yet Warres is ſuer, a needfull thyng,
for mans offence, A ſcorge:
A Salue to heale the ſinfull ſoule,
and for the ſtaet A porge.
That ſkowrs the body of the Realm,
and kyngdoms all throw out:
And leaues vnſearcht no member ſuer,
that walks this world about.

Wear not the woe that warrs doth bring,
  sweet peace should seem full sower
The neteis sharp and wiked weeds,
  sets forthe a pleasant flower.
By sinnes pangs we iudg what health,
  and quiet rest is worth
And out of payn is pleasuer found,
  as Gold from dros coms forth.
The harms, the haps, and cruell claps,
  that warrs and Cannon brynge:
Maks Princis seek the fear of god,
  and subiects kno thear kings
Thogh peace in deed dispiseth warrs,
  as plainnesse falshed haets:
Yet warlik people aer enbraest,
  and liekt of all estacts.
The knief that cuts the finger soer,
  in sheath about is born:
The sword that takes away the life,
  makes peace whear it is worn.
The are that heaweth down the tree,
  is needfull for mans lief:
Thus proue I as mans help or harms,
  remains in sword and knif:
So warrs whear they aer used well,
  keeps world in fear and awe:
And shoes moer terror by his raeg,
  than al your ruells of lawe.
Sens Cayn slue Abell warrs haeth bin,
Note. twen bretheren as we reed
And soldiors hath bin wagid well,
  as world of warrs stood need:
Than snarr not for the faem they snatch,
  nor brall to her thear brunt.

When

When broyls haue ſowne ill ſeedes of caer,
peace reapes from warres good fruct.
And learns a leſſon woꝛthy gold,
which Peace holds deer of pꝛice:
And maks therof a mirrour bꝛight,
to bew and ſift out vice.
The Battayll ends whear conqueſt coms,
and when great charge is ſpent:
Foꝛ peace the poſt with Pakket goes,
Embaſſars els aer ſent:
To knit the knot and make a Leag,
thus all the bꝛawls that bee:
Do bend to peace, and Wiſdoms boe,
how ear foels bolts do flee.
Whearfoꝛe agree with Warres in haeſt,
you ſe what quarels aer:
And how that Warres bꝛyngs wo and waeſt,
and leaues a kyngdom baer.
The people ſpoyld, the howſis boꝛnt,
the frends and neighbour ſlayn:
The giltles plaegd and eatch man wꝛongd,
whear rage and war doth rayn.

The Cities anſwer to Perſwaſion.

DIſſention firſt that cald to mind,
our old foerfathers faem:
(And ript out ſeams of patched pꝛayes,
ſkarce woꝛth the noet oꝛ naem.)
Bꝛought Peace and War in this vpꝛoer,
our ruels ſutch bꝛawls demes:
Our traed doth ſtand on Stull lief,
and thear our gloꝛy lies.

And not on strief the ruen of facts,
a storm that all destroys
A heauy bondage to eatch hart,
that fredoms fruct enioyes.
Our orders maks the reister meek,
and plucks the prowd on knees
The tuf and stobborne kno the yock,
and roets vp rotten trees.
That may infect a fructfull feeld,
what can be sweet or sownd:
But in that soyl whear for offence,
is due correction fownd.
Wee make the siuill lawes to shien,
and by example mield.
Reform the rued, rebuck the bold,
and taame the contrey wyeld
We venter goods and lius ye knoe,
and trauill seas and land.
To bring by trafick heaps of wealth,
and treasuer to your hand
We aer astay and steer howse boeth,
to kingdoms farr and neer.
A cawse of plentie throw koer syght,
whan things war scarce and deer:
And theghe our ioy, be moest in peace,
and peace we do maintain.
Whear on to prince and realm throw out,
doth ries great welth and gain:
Yet haue we soldyars as you see,
that steers but whan we pleas
And sarus our torns in howshold things,
and sits in shop at eas.
And yet daer blaed hit with the best,
when cawse of contrey coms

And

And cals out courage to the fight,
by ſound of warlike Drums.
We Marchants keep a mean vnmixt,
with any tarrying part:
And bring both Treble and the Bace,
in order ſtill by art.
A Souldiour ſhalbe liked well,
if his dezarts be ſutch:
A noble mind for noble acts,
ſhall euer be honord mutch.
But if men glory all in warres,
and peace diſdayns in deed:
We ſkorn with any Siroep ſweet,
their humour ſowre to feed:
And bleſt be God we haue a Prince,
by whom our peace is kept:
And vnder whom this Citie long,
and land hath ſafly ſlept.
From whom lickwyes a thouſand gifts,
of grace enioy we do:
And feell from God in this her raygne,
ten thouſand bleſſyngs to.
Behold but how all ſecrets flen,
of falſhed coms to light:
In theſe her dayes, and God taks part,
with her in troeth and right.
And mark how mad Diſſenſhon thriues,
that would ſet warres abroetch:
Who ſets to ſaell poer peoples liues,
and gets but biell reproetch.
And endes ſhaem for all their fleights:
O England ioy with vs:
And kis the ſteps whear ſhe doth tread,
that keeps her countrey thus.

In

In peace and reſt, and perfait ſtay,
whearfore the god of peace:
In peace by peace our peace preſarue,
and her long lief encreace.

¶ This was to be don and put in exerſies befoer the Queen cam to the knittyng vp of the matter but perſwaſion beyng diſmiſt, the battry was planted befoer the FORT, *and they within ſo ſtraitly encloſed, that they muſt needs abied the mercy of the* Sword *and* Cannon.

¶ At which inſtant, in the after noen that preſent day the Prince was in her Skaffold to beholde the ſucksesſe of theſe offers of warre, and ſo went the Battry of and the aſſaut was geuen in as mutch order as might be, the enemie was three times repolſed, and beholdyng nue ſuckors commyng from the Courte tò the Forts great comfort, the enemye agred on a parley whearin was re herſyd that the cortain was beaten down, and the fort maed ſawtable, and yet the enemie to ſaue the liues of good Citizens and Soldiors thearof, would giue them leaue to depart with bag and bagaeg, as order of wars required. To the which the Fort maed anſwer, that the Corttayns nor Bulwarks was not their defence, but the cortage of good peple, & the force of a mighty prince (who ſaet and beheld all theſe doyngs) was the thyng they truſted to, on which anſwer the enemie retired, and ſo condicions of peace wear drawn and agreed of, at which peace boeth the ſides shot of their Arttillery, in ſien of a traumphe, and ſo cryinge God ſaue the Queen, theſe triumphes and warlik paſtimes finished, the Prince likyng the handlyng of theſe cauſes verie well, ſent an hundreth crownes to make the Souldiors a ban-

a banket. Now heer is to be conſidered that the Prince went into the Gallees and ſo down to Kyngroed, aer theſe things wear brought to an end.

¶ *At her highnes departuer a gentilman in the confiens of the* Towns *liberties ſpack this ſpeech that follows.*

The dolfull a Due.

OUr Joy is ioynd with greuous grocns,
Our triumphe to;nd to tears:
The b;antch whoes bloſoms gladnes b;oght,
a bitter berry bears.
In howſe and ſtreet whear mirth was hard,
is moen and moo;ning noies:
The ſommer day is dimd with clowds,
eclypſed aer our ioyes.
The loedſtar leaus our wiſhed cow;s,
and clims the heauens hie:
Our ſofrant will no longer lo;d,
in walls of Briſtow lye.
No maruell ſins our barrain ſoyl,
and ground of groes deuyce:
Hath yelded no thing that might pleas,
a p;ince of ſo great p;ice.
Our deuties aer not half diſchargd,
no thoghe we kiſt the grownd:
And p;oſtract fall full flat on face,
whear her foet ſteps aer fownd.
The Perſians daer not caſt vp eies,
no; look apon thear king

Shall

Shall Christians then presume to preace,
on such a Sacred thyng.
And tho no part of duties bownds
O god forbid I say:
But that the lords anointed should,
be honord eury way.
Long lookt this Citie for a prince,
long sens and many a yeer:
A king or Queen behold this town,
short time she tarryes heer.
God fortune folow thee O Queen,
god gied thy doings all:
A world of threfold blessed happ,
apon thy kingdom fall.
As loth to tack our heauy leaue,
as leaue our hus in deed:
A due deer lady of this land,
the liuing Lord thee speed.

¶ Som of these Speeches could not be spoken by means of a Scholemaister, who enuied that any stranger should set forth these shoes.

FINIS.